

A memento of the death of the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII

William Charles Martineau

Ex dono auctoris Wm. C. Martineau
Jan. 1904.
Dom. Obrecht. M. Edmund.
Abbot.
per Br. M. B.

A MEMENTO of the Death of the Holy Father POPE LEO XIII.

Work of William C. Martineau
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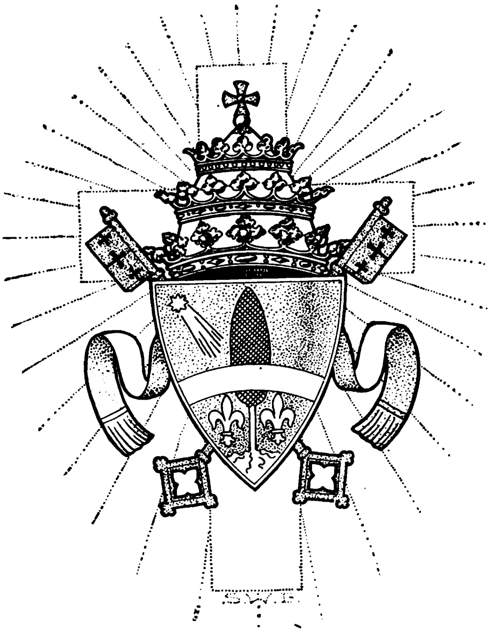
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VINCENZO GIOACCHINO PECCI,

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

BORN MARCH 2D, 1810.

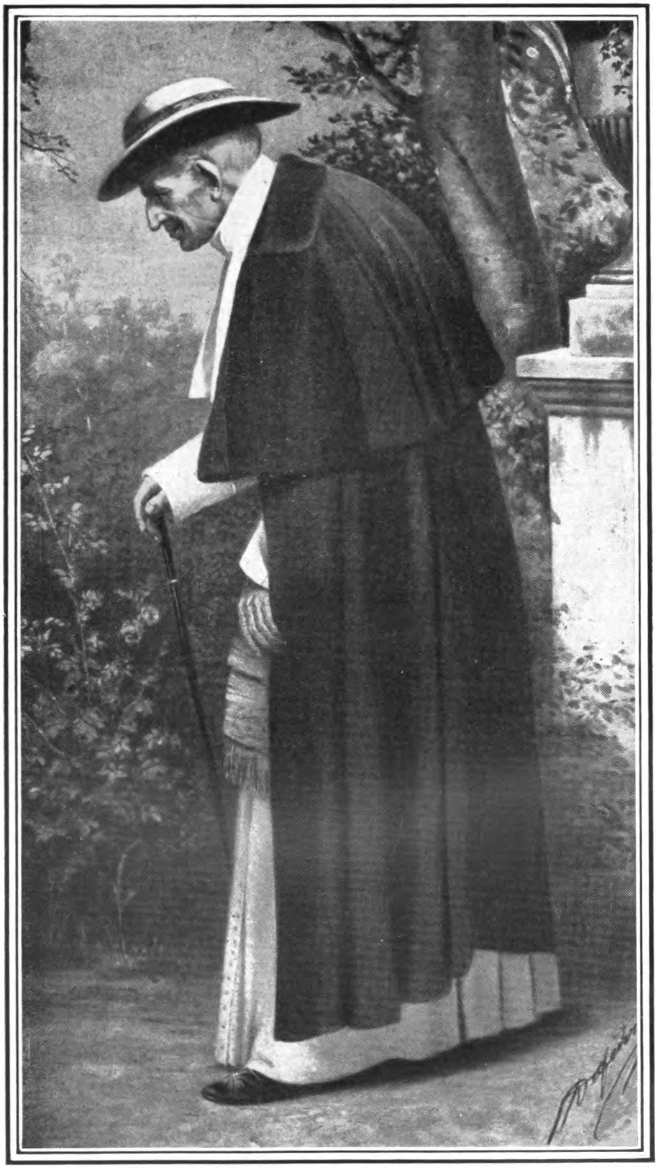
ORDAINED PRIEST DECEMBER 31ST, 1837.

CONSECRATED ARCHBISHOP FEBRUARY 17TH, 1843.

PROCLAIMED CARDINAL 1853.

CROWNED POPE MARCH 3D, 1878.

DIED JULY 20TH, 1903.



THE LATE HOLY FATHER POPE LEO XIII.

THE DEATH OF LEO XIII.

BY

REV. JOHN WALSH.

THE death of Pope Leo XIII. is an event which may be observed from a double view-point—that of the Papacy in general, and as marking the close of his own individual life. In this sense it is the end of a volume and of a chapter. It registers an epoch and an event. In the wider horizon of the Papacy its significancy is historic. In the narrower range of his own career, prolonged exceptionally as that career was, and unusually fruitful, and viewed solely in relation to his individual qualities and achievements, his death falls into the category of untoward and conspicuous current events, in which the personal significancy is more marked than the historic, though no matter how observed, the historic element is never entirely wanting.



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I.

The Papacy is not only a fact, but a dynasty. Not only does it guide and rule—it bears a charmed life. Its continuity has no parallel in modern government or civic machinery. The reigning royalties, despots and democracies are only mushrooms of yesterday contrasted with the indestructible vitality of the Papacy. In the whole range of history, ancient and modern, the only dynasty that approaches it is the unique record of Pharaonic rule in Egypt. When judged by the standards of human institutions both the permanency and personnel of the Papacy provoke wonderment and admiration. If studied and accepted as an essential element of a divine Church on which it is built and with which it blends as the living voice and principle of authority, it is hard to conceive how it can be less stable and indestructible than the Church itself.

When Leo XIII. by the voice of the Conclave was chosen the successor of Pius IX., he became invested with the dignity and authority of a member of this Papal dynasty. His death forges another link in the unbroken Papal chain, wedding the present to the past of Hildebrand, Leo the Great, and on through each wearer of the tiara, distinguished and undistinguished to the Prince of the Apostles and to Christ. His pontificate of five and twenty years carries the whole weight—the hopes and prospects, triumphs and failures of the Catholic Church. He is its chief Spokesman—its only recognized ruler. About his throne gather the enthusiasms, the energies, the hopes and prayers of Catholic devotion and loyalty and the bitterness and contention of opposing forces. He must inspire and direct the one; he will join issue with the other with the weapons of patience and courage and wise diplomacy. In his brief reign—for brief it is as compared with the endless life of the Church—he is an epitome of the Church's history. He inaugurates a new phase of Papal sovereignty and is revealed to the world with the features of a novel kind of Pope. After many centuries his is the first pontificate in its entirety which is bereft of temporal dominion and burdened with the prerogative of papal infallibility. In the latter years of his reign Pius IX. was made to feel the lawless hand of the despoiler and the Vatican Council declared his infallibility; but between 1846 and 1870 he commanded all the prestige and anxieties of a temporal ruler and his infallibility was an open question. To Leo XIII. has been reserved the fate of a Pope who from his election to his death has had no subjects except spiritual ones—has exercised no power save the spiritual and moral, and to whom to deny inerrancy in the domain of faith and morals was a sin involving the shipwreck of faith. In his case abridgment in civic sovereignty is offset by enlargement in spiritual endowment. This statement of fact emphasizes Leo XIII. as a new type of Pope in our modern years, reproducing only some of the lineaments of his predecessors and in special conditions creating a peculiar Papal personality unique and definite.

If he is the pioneer of a series, the question how long the type must serve the norma of other Popes can only be answered by the continuance of present conditions. Pending the removal or adjustment of these obstructive agencies the Papal cause does not seem so hopeless after the death of Leo XIII. as it was at the death of Pius IX. Wider and wider, deeper and deeper is the conviction growing that as a religious and economic force the Catholic Church is needed to save the social fabric from rent or strain. Against skepticism on the one hand and socialism on the other it builds the sanest and least assailable barriers.

These are the thoughts that come to the surface from a brief survey of the death of Leo XIII. as it impinges on the Papacy and is related to it.

II.

In the more restricted view of the finish and close of a personal career the suggestions are of a different order and tinged with the combined hues of the man and his labors.

An expressive and condensed summary of the life of Leo XIII. would embody two activities—labor and prayer. His morning hours were divided between religious exercises and the duties of Church administration. From his daily mass and meditation he imbibed the wisdom and courage to face and solve the multitudinous issues streaming into him from his vast worldwide spiritual kingdom. His only recreation was a walk or drive in the gardens of the Vatican. For a quarter of a century his feet never crossed the threshold of his palace except to enter his great Cathedral or pass into the adjacent park. From his living apartments his vision could look across his own city and gather into its sweep Quirinal, Colosseum and Pincian hills, with the Tiber and the Castle of San Angelo, but foot never essayed to follow the daring of his eye. His successor's verdict on his involuntary isolation from the world of Rome and Italy is expressed tersely by the remark, "Now I know how Samson must have felt." Leo XIII. chafed endlessly within the limitations of his enforced seclusion. To his brother Guiseppe, who asked him if in accepting the Papacy he were not consigning himself to a living tomb, he replied, "I am climbing Calvary." The head that bore the triple tiara found that it was built on a crown of thorns.

It is no exaggeration to record that the most pathetic and tenderly appealing phase of the dead Pope and his living successor is voiced by the epithet, "august Prisoner of the Vatican." Contemporary sovereignty or lack of it furnishes no parallel to this abnormal condition. Whilst it is the result of unjustifiable invasion and spoliation it is also the only practical protest against it. Special correspondents and political pamphleteers seek amusement in designating this Papal imprisonment within Vatican precincts as senile pique with inevitable political movements and national aspirations, or a fiction and trick of petty hatred to the Italian government. The hollowness and pretense of this declaration is evidenced by the studied unwillingness of its promoters to approach the whole subject of Papal and Italian sovereignty with decent candor and intelligence, and their insincerity is further supplemented by the hostile attitude of official Italy toward the Holy See and its feebleness to preserve order in the streets of its own capital whenever it pleases anti-papalists to assert their right to havoc or rowdyism.

From the date of his accession to the end of his life Leo XIII. was a strenuous, untiring advocate of the need of territorial sovereignty as a guarantee of the independence of the Holy See. He was frequent and emphatic in this assertion. Within one year of his coronation he thus threw

down the gage of battle: "That no occasion of error may arise, it is of the utmost importance to remind Catholics that the supreme authority of the Church which was divinely conferred on Peter and his successors to keep the whole family of Christ in the faith and conduct them to the eternal happiness of Heaven must, according to the appointment of Christ himself, be exercised with the fullest freedom; and to insure this freedom in every part of the world, an all-wise Providence ordained that after the dangers and troubles of the early period of the Church, a civil princedom should be attached to the Roman Church and preserved intact through a long series of ages amidst the changes of revolutions and the wreck of kingdoms. For this weighty reason and not as we have often said, impelled by ambition or the lust of power the Roman Pontiffs have ever felt it their sacred duty to defend this civic sovereignty from violation or disturbance and to preserve intact the rights of the Roman Church; and we ourselves, following the example of our predecessors, have not failed, nor will we ever fail, to assert and vindicate those rights."

In all the current speculations touching the probabilities of a new *modus vivendi* between the Holy See and the Italian government, some light may be shed on the vexed problem by calm reflection on the tone and accents of this battle cry of Leo XIII. Courtesies and cordialities are desirable in their way, but when they spell nominal or real spiritual servitude they are not mispelled when labelled treasons.

III.

A transcendant attribute of the dead Pope was his vivid, deep-seated conviction of the reality of the Church and of the successor of St. Peter as its head and mouth-piece. If the Church is real it must have a work to do, and if the Pope is its voice and brain, on him lies the duty of applying and directing its influence. Leo XIII. appreciated to the fullest measure the quality of the Church's activity and he never flinched from the labor of making it effective and fruit-bearing. His manhood was reached in the revolution of 1848, when the Italian freebooters had betrayed Pius IX. and forced him into exile and then into a reactionary policy to checkmate their subversive schemes. From that day to this the heirs of those conspirators have continued with most obstinate pertinacity the quest after a vague, crude liberalism, which, in simplest phrase is synonomous with a supression of authority, civic and spiritual. The crying sin of the clique is their ignorance of the purpose and nature of authority. To restrain their excesses and prompt sane thinking Leo XIII. made the divine authority of the Church the burden of his oft-repeated messages.

Would the world but recognize the Holy See the world might legitimately settle its disputes on dynastic and economic questions. To reject the Holy See was to inject into the social ferment an additional element of

discord and apprehension. His first Encyclical of Easter Day, 1878, a few weeks after his enthronement, contained a dignified and calm assertion of the claim of the Church as a teacher demanding the obedience of all Christians. Civil society, he teaches, can neither exist long nor prosperously unless it acknowledges the eternal principles of truth and the immutable laws of justice and rectitude. Twenty years later, aroused by the aggressive activity of Italian socialism, he assures his countrymen that the papacy, as it was in the past, the guide, defence and safety of Catholics, so in the future it will not betray them but will continue "to defend and assist you in your difficulties and to love you in your trial and oppression." In the letter to the people of England he speaks of "the centre of Christian unity divinely constituted in the Roman Bishops." With suggestive iteration in his published utterances he implores "nations and their rulers," for the sake of their own safety and that of the state, to "welcome and obey" the teaching of that Church which has served so well in furthering the prosperity of nations.

Whether in sympathy or in opposition to this attitude, it is due his memory to spread it on the minutes. No estimate of his character or career is possible without a knowledge of it. Much of the undeserved obloquy heaped on the name of Pius IX. by Whittier's poems, "To Pius IX." and "The Dream of Pio Nono" had no better justification than this same paternal solicitude adjuring the Italian revolutionists to return to the fold and guidance of the Church. Whatever the verdict of the non-Catholic world on the administrative reforms and checks of Pius IX. the same should be meted out to Leo XIII. And yet in all sincerity and fair dealing there is not a scrap of evidence to prove that Pio Nono's successor in any year of his Pontificate was arrayed against modern liberties or attempted to enslave the consciences of men.

Every sane man with a scintilla of reason and religious feeling, no matter his denominational affinities, recognizes that a line is traced somewhere in the divine law beyond which reasonable liberty becomes license. The late Pope felt with the keenest intensity that the Catholic Church had the right to define such a limit, and if the world were wise it would acknowledge this right. In the exercise of his supervision over men and their affairs whilst there is abundant evidence of firm grasp and brave denunciation and honest protestation, there is the most charming absence of pettiness, of merely personal traits, of ill-temper and wounded pride. In offering the hand of fellowship to non-Catholic nations it was this same abiding faith in a divine church as an illumination and saviour that prompted the courtesy.

IV.

Strangely blending with this stern, uncompromising exercise of his Pontifical authority in condemning false teachings and unsound theories,

whether of speculative or practical import, was another phase which sought to conciliate and pacify the enemies of the Church. This feature of his administration was a wonder and an anxiety to many narrow-minded, ultra conservative members of the Church. They looked on with a trembling concern and wondered what the next move of this fertile, audacious mind would be. It is matter of record that in certain quarters lamps were lighted and novenas devoutly recited to preserve the infallible Pope from a calamitous blunder. To these simple souls he seemed walking perilously near the verge of official errancy.

The innocent and tremulous suspicion was the offspring of narrow piety and ignorance of the resourcefulness and wondrous mental horizon of this exceptionally gifted Pope. Because he sailed under the compass of truth he was always sure of his bearings. Although his published letters demonstrate a mental equipment keenly analytic they betoken more convincingly a synthetic capacity. He had no merely fragmentary apprehensions of truth. The whole field of truth and church polity lay under his vision glorified with the radiance of a summer sun, and every detail of his great spiritual inheritance was photographed in the superlatively sensitive camera of his intellect and memory. Its points of contact with political systems, with the world and worldliness, with error, with misdirected zeal, with questionable habits of compromise, with every aspect of the lives of its subjects, were seen not merely in profile and perspective but grasped as a solid, compacted totality.

When after many tortuous wanderings Prince Bismarck reached his Canossa and the Pope had his triumph, in the exultant hour of his victory he won the good will of a vanquished enemy and secured the fruits of a battle won by making concessions. When the superb Cardinal of the White Fathers, Lavigerie, gave the cue, he proclaimed in France, to the dismay of many, the Church's acquiescence in a form of government inseparably linked in that country with revolution and religious persecution. In the recent onslaught on French religious he was content with a word of sympathy and an exhortation to courage, but by an unexampled restraint he held aloof from the close grapple of anathema and excommunication with the obvious hope that socialistic France would refrain from extremes. Monastic and conventual rights are undebatable. An energetic assertion of them might result in wholesale confiscation and national apostacy. These were contingencies clearly possible to him. With a firm and unerring hand has he indicated the boundaries, resources and points of exposure of the commanding issue of education and its relations to the unreligious State and how to make concessions to avoid a clash.

When dealing with science or biblical criticism, labor or social democracy, non-Catholic error or economics, he has avoided one-sided, partisan views, and besides the consummate tact of his address, he has expressed

himself on each with surprising candor and freely admitted truths and half truths wherever he found them. Each situation was so adroitly met—each question was so aptly answered—there was so much tact and consistency, cleverness and sureness in this statesman-Pontiff that the Italians coined a sobriquet for him and called him Papa-Machiavelli to express their appreciation of the diplomatic address which he combined with the sublimest unselfishness and the highest spiritual ideals. All the time, however, it was his exalted character more than his consummate ability that gave his word weight in the counsels of men. The "Papa," prefix more than the "Machiavelli" suffix determines his place in the nobility of diplomacy.

To those fortunate enough to have seen him in his Papal years his memory will be for ever present. The preternaturally pale face, dark eyes, high tenor voice in speech, a countenance of combined intellect and sweetness and slender, erect form, presented him in his earlier years as an impressive personage. Later, his bowed form and shuffling gait, with the extreme attenuation of body and face showed too clearly the ravages of age, though mind and voice retained their intelligence and resonance. "The alabaster vase lighted from within" had with the passing years acquired a more ethereal transparency, until to those admitted to the audiences in the Vatican, and more effectively, to those who witnessed him in Papal ceremonies in St. Peter's, he seemed almost spectral or like a being more spiritual than material, whose vital functions were subject more to the laws of soul than the limitations of flesh. So prolonged was his life and undiminished his intellectual vigor for all the exacting demands of his great office that the last years of his Pontificate assumed a miraculous character, as if Providence by a special custody gave him length of years and capacity for work for some hidden purpose.

In the wide sweep of his official life—the life at every moment exposed to the burning sun-glass of public criticism and observation, demanding the most versatile accomplishments and the most elastic and pliable capacity to discharge its bewildering variety of duties, Leo XIII. was vigilant, industrious and eminently satisfying, when judged by the most exacting standards. Because this aspect of his career was always so conspicuous any fair and true measurement of him must include a comprehensive comment on his official and Papal achievements as distinct from his purely personal endowments.

In the more circumscribed survey of his individual character the unprejudiced verdict is equally favorable and edifying. Not only was he confessedly great but unequivocally good. Greatness without goodness in a Pope is a hollow, pretentious quality. The Head of a Church that is holy and always making for holiness in body and members must be commandingly, conspicuously virtuous. Mere place, mere power, mere ceremonial pageantry, mere intellect would be beggarly equipment for a Pope unless

engrafted on faith, hope and personal virtue. The members of other dynasties may cultivate greed, ambition and power at the expense of virtue and still claim the bauble of greatness. The very substance and essence of papal supremacy lies in papal integrity and uprightness, and where these requisites are wanting to the wearers of the tiara they may be acclaimed and exploited as notable earthly rulers—never deserving Popes. It is the glory of Leo. XIII. and our encouragement and comfort that he was a consistent Pope who sought his ideals and inspirations in the highest, widest reaches of exalted virtue and the serenest, truest piety.

He not only ruled and guided, he also prayed and fasted. He not only warned his subjects against dangers to their faith and rectitude, he also himself profited by the same warnings. In the sphere of human frailty he relied for strength on the same sources of power and resistance as the humblest of his flock and pretended to no immunity from sin except as he was protected by his own vigilance and the grace of God. Not only did he command, he knew also how to obey. When he taught and interpreted the divine commands, he applied them also to his own conduct.

It comforts and consoles us all to know that our deceased Pontiff or Father was known and esteemed by the non-Catholic world. Praise for him has been world-wide. No Pope's death was ever before so universally mourned. On no Pope's bier have so many garlands of sympathy and admiration been placed by non-Catholic hands. All the nations have united in calling him good. The effect of this gracious courtesy cannot be exaggerated. It will allay prejudice, increase respect for the Church, focus a juster standard of research and observation on the whole question of the papacy and reflect on the position and standing of Catholics everywhere. Whilst our Pontiff's death is a prophecy of the future, it is also a touchstone of Catholic behavior. As our deceased Father lifted us up to a place of honor before men by his peerless intellect and simple piety, the most fitting tribute to his memory will be to make good title to our place by an intelligent study of divine truths and an earnest, brave application of divine commands to every detail of personal behavior.

"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH."

BY

REV. JOHN SPENSLEY, D. D.

WHAT is the Catholic Church? An exhaustive reply to that question, with the analysis of her attributes, would require a work consisting of several volumes. Ignatius calls the Church, "The multitude or congregation that is in God." Origen says: "The Church is the Body of Christ, animated by the Son of God, the members being all who believe in Him." Cyprian calls the Church the Mother of all the children of God; compares it with the ark of Noah in which all who would be saved should take refuge. Irenæus says: "This is the synagogue of God, which God the Son has assembled by Himself * * * * It is spread throughout the world, sown by the Apostles and their followers, holding from them one faith in the Trinity, Incarnation, Redemption and General Judgment. Its head is Christ. It is a visible body animated by one spirit, everywhere preaching one and the same faith, one and the same way of salvation."



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When we desire to know the identity of an individual, when we wish to know with what right he comes amongst us, we look up his ancestry.

And as we have a way of measuring all things, both human and divine, by finite rules, we may apply the same criterion to the Church.

The process does not consume much time. In following up a genealogy of human beings after an apparently endless succession we would finally come to: " * * * * * and Seth was of Adam and Adam was of God." In tracing the genealogy of the Church, however, we come directly

to: The Church was of Christ, and Christ was of God. Therefore we might say, even more briefly: "The Church was of God." For Christ was God, begotten by the Father. The Church, then, comes to us with the power and authority of a royal pedigree. And while she was conceived in time, being therefore temporal, she is but one degree removed from the eternal.

The Second Person of the Blessed Trinity came from Heaven to save mankind. He came with the authority and the power of God, although he came in the shape and nature of mortal man. For three and thirty years he dwelt upon earth. Only three of those years were spent in public preaching. Was the gospel of peace and reconciliation to be heard merely by those who were fortunate enough to be within reach of this divine teacher? That were hardly just in a God who loves all His creatures. But even if others were to be reached by this message from on high, was it to come to them by hearsay, by report subject to the changes of time, as might come detailed accounts of the Mithradatic wars? No, indeed! The "faith once delivered to the saints" was to be the definite heritage of all who should turn to Christ.

They were not to be left in doubt as to whether the doctrines they heard were the same as those to which their spiritual forefathers gave assent when preached in the land of Juda. Christ did not live for that period alone; He lived for all time. The process of time, however, tends to the incrustation of original truths with layers of fiction. If, then, He wished His doctrine to persevere in its pristine purity, He must either remain on earth Himself or else leave a teaching power which should speak in His name and with His voice. He Himself did not remain. Did He leave such a teaching power? He did.

There were twelve men whom He chose to be, in an especial manner, His representatives. And to these he said: "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you." "Going, therefore, teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you." "Preach the gospel to every creature." "Ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth." "Whosoever will not receive you nor hear your words, going forth from that house or city, shake the dust from your feet. Amen, I say to you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment than for that city." "He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned." "He that heareth you heareth Me; he that despiseth you despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me."

Strong words, these! Yet the New Testament is filled with such. But, you may say, granting the force of these expressions, it only proves that power and authority were given to those who carried on the work of

Christ immediately after Him. No, for in the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew we find these words in their commission: "And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." With the death of the Apostles the world was not consummated, so that the obvious meaning is that this presence and assistance of Christ should be with the Apostles—*and their successors*—till time should be no more.

"Cast me not away from Thy face; and take not Thy holy spirit from me." And He said: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." In the New Testament is the fulfilling thereof: "And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

The Church, then, is the mouthpiece of God, speaking with the authority and under the infallible direction of God. This, to be sure, does not prevent individual members or even leaders of the Church from falling into sin or doctrinal error, but it means that when the Church speaks as representing Christ on questions of faith and morals, she speaks "as one having power," and with infallible truth.

There is a bluntness and directness in her speech, when treating of the things of God, which means something. She does not temporize or use the arts of diplomacy in dealing with questions of faith; she lays down the law and speaks with the confidence of authority. She is at home with her subject; and while in affairs of merely human law she may conform with existing circumstances, when the domain of divine law is entered she is regardless of consequences and cares only to present the truth as God presented it of old by the mouth of His prophets.

It is a pity that expression "the thunders of the Vatican" has become so trite, for when the voice of the Church, on questions of faith, is heard from the Vatican Hill, its tones might be compared, not inaptly, with those which proclaimed the law in the majesty of Mount Sinai.

God does things in a magnificent manner. He does not conform with our standards of prudence or expediency. He usually acts in ways contrary to our laws and points of view. He even calls upon Himself the ridicule of the unwise, by allowing the blasphemer and the unrighteous to flourish, while the just man is undone by his own perfection.

God deals not merely with time and localities but with eternity and infinity, and works out the decrees of justice in harmony with the universe rather than with the mind of man. He recks not of temporal, earthly consequences.

And so with His Church. When teaching mankind the truths of eternity she is not deterred by the hazards of time. She enunciates a divine revelation with magnificent recklessness and cares not tho' a kingdom may fall. She goes into exile proclaiming the truth, and from the free air of the wilderness her voice rings out with a clearness not dulled by the atmosphere of courts.

God be praised, that in this world of ceaseless doubt and questioning He has left something to which the mind can cling with certitude! Science, the handmaid of religion, although a great uplifter of the human race, blunders woefully at times. She accomplishes much, but she commits us, occasionally, to ludicrous absurdities. The discoveries of to-day make us smile at the sage of yesterday, with explanations that we did not seriously agree with him. Substances are just coming to light that upset the theories of generations—"but the truth of the Lord endureth forever."

Since the heart has its postulates as well as the head; the will, as well as the intellect, the Creator speaks to us in a general way through the wonders of the soul, and of the natural world around us. The Good, the Beautiful, and the True lead us by a process of analogy to Eternal Goodness and Beauty and Truth. We travel by pleasant, tho' indirect, paths "through nature to nature's God." But when we look for a direct road, when we ask for a definite teaching on a particular question, the authoritative word of God, we turn to that Church to which was given the promise: "I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete. * * * * * But when He the Spirit of Truth shall come, He shall teach you all truth." "He that heareth you, heareth Me."

In questions of civil law the citizen of our great country goes for the final decision, to the Supreme Court of the United States. So, in questions of divine law, the citizen of the Kingdom of God goes to the Church, as to the court of last appeal; and he knows, above and beyond all, that the decision given there will be ratified in Heaven. "What you shall bind on earth, shall be bound also in Heaven; what you shall loose on earth, shall be loosed also in Heaven."

Christ is with His Church now, spiritually—a foreshadowing of the blessed union of the hereafter. The Church is on earth, but keeps her eyes fixed on Heaven. And when the ages shall have run their allotted course, when the universe shall roll up like a scroll and be no more, then will all the followers of Christ be gathered together in Paradise; and the union begun in time will be continued in eternity.

THE PAPACY IN THE NEW CENTURY.

BY

REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

WHEN Pius IX. died in 1878, the disciples of the so-called free thought announced the death of the Papacy, and considered it as the crowning triumph of the nineteenth century that the strongest superstition of history had fallen before the blows of the Voltairean philosophy. Even statesmen as acute and far-seeing as Bismarck believed that the end of a great institution had come, and that the effacing of the Catholic Church as a social and religious factor would be an easy matter. Bismarck undertook that effacement in Germany by the passage of laws which banished eight thousand priests from the Kaiser's domain and suppressed the Catholic educational system; but his persecution resulted only in his own humiliation and the re-appearance of the Pope as a factor in politics. Bismarck indirectly created the Catholic Party in the Reichstag, and conferred everlasting renown on Leo XIII. by taking the famous road to Canossa; in other words by abolishing the laws of persecution, restoring the banished priests and the suppressed schools, and making an alliance with the Pope against the common enemy, Socialism. The victory over Bismarck was a victory over the world: or, to put it more truly and more mildly, the triumphant reign of Leo XIII. stripped the veil of illusion from men's eyes, and proved that the Papacy was as potent a factor in the right ruling of society as it had ever been in the past.



REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, OF NEW YORK CITY.

Leo XIII. made the Papacy very real to modern minds, and palpably present to the common man as well as to the practical statesmen. Hardly a Cabinet of Europe escaped his influence, and the press made him a touching intimate of the workingman's household. I can well recall my own astonishment at the first illustration of this intimacy of the Pope with the poor. Camping out on Lake Champlain in the summer of 1887, I had for a daily visitor the oldest inhabitant from the nearest farm, whose autumn days were passing in perfect health and profound interest in the affairs of the world. He asked for the loan of our New York papers, which by their number and freshness must have been a treat to the old man, on the ground of following up the doings "o' that Pope o' yours, who seems to be a mighty smart old man, an' jest says an' does what he likes in the peartest an' cutest kind of a way." In consequence of this nearness to rulers and ruled, Leo XIII. passed to his eternal reward amid the respectful grief of all men. Pius X. succeeded him with universal acclaim, and the Papacy stands forth at the beginning of the twentieth century with the glories of the past illumined by the success of the present hour. The ship, having weathered the storms of a century, sails on with strength renewed to the distant harbor.

Glory of this sort is not factitious, its foundations are deep in the earth, its sources are neither remote nor incomprehensible. If one examines the Papacy at this moment studiously and fairly, it will be found that the Roman institution stands for many important things that now interest the serious part of the world, and will always interest it. First, it has the one quality without which the best government amounts to little, namely, endurance, stability. Macaulay's eulogy is none too lofty. All the dynasties have come and gone, most of them have left no history: this one remains, living, active, powerful: and men study its past with energy and watch its passing life eagerly, to discover the secret of its endurance, its flexibility, its swift adaptation to the demands of the hour.

In religion the Papacy represents that idea of unity which for a time seemed lost to the Christian multitude outside the Church. Since the moment of secession, the Protestant sects have gone on multiplying to the point of nausea and absurdity; this century promises further subdivisions whose ugliness no plausible theory of variety in unity can conceal; and in full view stands the wonderful unity of the Catholic Church, with one Baptism, one Belief, and one Head, a unity maintained in the face of the fiercest opposition from the world. Small wonder that so many have turned to the Papacy in these days of discord. In politics the Papacy stands for the safe progress of the race along tried and well-known lines, as against the bloody ideas of the French Terrorists, the decadence of absolutism, and the follies of Socialism. It holds to the main truth that any government is better than none, and that change must be from one form to

another without such interregnums as Robespierre's. It maintains the theory that the family is the unit of society, not the individual, and it would surround marriage with every safeguard, abolishing divorce as contrary to the natural law. Therefore, it stands for that true liberty of man, which rejects license and binds the individual to the service of God, of family, of neighbor, and of country: a very different liberty from the immoral ideal of modern atheism.

The Pope rules in the Name of Jesus Christ, as his Vicar on earth, and therefore the Papacy stands for the Divinity of Christ, sworn enemy of that futile faction which lauds Renan and dreams of salvation through the teachings of a philosopher called Jesus; a philosopher whose existence does not really concern mankind any longer, since his teaching has been preserved. It is also the powerful custodian of the Sacred Scriptures, against its friends and its enemies alike, maintaining that to the Church alone belongs the right of final judgment on its difficulties and problems. As it protected the Bible from the wild misuse of the sects, so it will protect it from the vicious and hateful assault of the atheistic scientists. It supports the inspiration of the Bible as a dogma of the faith, and the last word in the long discussion, if that controversy ever comes to an end, will be uttered by a Pope.

As a matter of fact the Papacy stands before the human race to-day as the Executive of the best organized form of Christianity. In the struggle between the materialists and the Christians, it must lead the way because it alone has equipment for the field; it alone is sure of the issues, owns a plan of campaign, knows the enemy, understands the violence of the conflict, cherishes no illusions about immediate victory, but holds a sublime confidence in the ultimate triumph of the truth. Naturally the Protestant Christian world will rejoice in its strength over the common enemy, as indeed it rejoices to-day in the confusion with which atheists, materialists and agnostics regard this reviving form of belief in the Son of God.

Now that the Papacy has the good will of so many Christian millions, made clear in the congratulations extended to Pius X., the hope may be entertained that the wandering of the nations has taken the homeward curve of the circle, and that the next century may see again the spectacle of the civilized world united in the one fold under the one shepherd.

LEO XIII., HIS WORK AND INFLUENCE.

BY THE

MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

TWO American papers the *Pioneer Press*, of St. Paul, and the *Tribune* of Chicago, both bearing the date, July 20th, 1903, the day following the death of Leo XIII., are upon my table. They are, each in its manner, illustrations of the spirit and the tone of the whole American press of the same date. The *Pioneer Press* places over its editorial article on Leo the caption, "The World's Loss." The *Tribune* honors his memory by wearing upon its first page a symbolical impress—the globe cinctured in mourning. The American press voiced the thoughts and the sentiments of the American people.

We have witnessed an extraordinary, unparalleled occurrence. He who was dead had lived and wrought in a foreign and remote land. He had been the head of a Church to which the very large majority of the population refuse allegiance, to which the great number professed in the near past, if they do not profess to-day, positive opposition. Yet, as the electric flash speeds across the continent announcing that Leo XIII. is no longer among the living, all are startled and break forth into a universal chorus of sorrow and praise. The President of the Republic wires across the Atlantic noble words of condolence. A former President of the Republic, judges of the Supreme Court, statesmen, scholars, men of affairs, speak reverent eulogy. Cities and universities lower their flags to half-mast. Protestant ministers in their temples and Jewish rabbis in their synagogues give out tribute of speech and heart. America mourns Leo.

And what we have witnessed in our land, other peoples were witnessing in theirs. Tzars and Kaisers, rulers of monarchies and presidents of republics, told their regrets, and the multitudes responded in sincere and sorrowful echo. It was not a country mourning an illustrious representative: it was not a Church mourning a Supreme Pontiff: it was humanity mourning a great and good man.

For humanity's sake, note must be taken, and remembrance kept, of what occurred on the death of Leo XIII. The universal tribute of sorrow and praise which this death evoked, honors our common humanity and our common civilization. It was a wondrous manifestation of humanity's high-mindedness and generosity, of the exalted elevation of soul to which it attains more particularly in these modern days. Differ men do, differ they will, in many of the matters affecting their manner of thinking and of living. Differ they do, assuredly, in religious belief and conduct. Nevertheless they are mindful of their mutual brotherhood, of their mutual membership in the great human family; and they are capable of rising above lines of separateness to acknowledge that richness of gifts in one is the inheritance of all, to be cherished and admired by all.

The third day of March, 1878, Joachim Pecci, until then Archbishop of Perugia, was elected into the Roman Pontificate. Leo XIII. was before the world, upon the highest pedestal, from which, for the next twenty-five years, he was to teach and work for the Church and humanity.

It is, indeed, a sublime position into which the Roman Pontiff is lifted. There is given to greatness no other such opportunity. The field opened to the Roman Pontiff is the world. His immediate subjects, the soldiers of his cause, approach in numbers three hundred millions. His interests and duties of office draw to him nearly all human interests. Nearly all the innumerable intellectual and social problems vexing men are before him for thought and solution. Arms of power the most potent, the most far-reaching, are in his hands, the immortal arms of truth, justice, and charity. And around him, such as nowhere else, there surge inspirations making for greater things—whether it be from the faith within him that he has in hand the keys of Christ's Kingdom, whether it be from the memories of illustrious predecessors, who in one age or another so wrought that the history of their times was knitted into their history and their names set ineffaceably on humanity's scroll of glory.

Let it not be said, however, that the position creates greatness: it reveals greatness, if greatness is there, as it reveals littleness—and with a vengeance—if littleness is there.

Then, in the lifetime of the Roman Pontificate, periods do occur when he who guides for the moment its destinies is tested to the inmost chords of the soul, and menaced with signal failure, unless there belong to him vision of mind and force of character, wisdom, and power, such as are rarely accorded to the workers of history. And one of these crucial periods stood out, in exacting fury, before Leo as he stepped upon the pontifical throne.

The nineteenth century, humanity's new age, had risen high on the horizon. We know the bold promises of the age, and the bolder menaces. The past was to be no more; a new world was to be born. Everywhere

there was revolution—in science and in history, in civil society and in religious creeds. Not all, of course, was wrong in the age. There were worthiest discoveries and inventions, due to its audacious industry: there were ambitions and aspirations most legitimate, awakened by its strugglings and its dreams. But it had its excesses and extravagances. It was impatient of measure: it courted extremes. It declared the past to be its special enemy. The Catholic Church represented the past, as no other existing institution wished to do, or could pretend to do: and so the age in malicious intent turned its search-light upon the Church, wishing to find in it an incurable to be relegated into obscurity, if not removed altogether from the living world. There was war to the death between the age and the Church.

The early action of the Church, as is natural in a conservative organism conscious of its inborn strength, had been to recoil upon itself, and gather its energies more closely around its olden land-marks, sternly refusing a parley, under flag of truce, with the advancing enemy. In the encyclicals of Gregory and of Pius, notably in the "Syllabus," it hurled against the age its doctrinal definitions: but showed no willingness to discuss its programme, and inquire what the age really sought—whether it held in all cases for new principles, as for new forms, or whether in some at least it demanded only new forms, which, perhaps, might be but the normal vesture of olden principles in new seasons and situations. Those tactics of the Church had stirred the age into fresher anger, and infused into the battle fiercer passion.

In its hatred of the Church, the age was reinforced in non-Catholic countries by sectarian prejudices, survivors of animosities of former generations. In those countries, to the minds of the many, the Church was still the foe and perverter of the Scriptures, and its Pope, if not the anti-Christ, was at least a fair image of the apocalyptic monster.

There was, too, the war of nations against the Church, at the time of Leo's election. For one reason or another, the relations between Rome and the governments of Europe were most unfriendly. It was mistrust and aversion, when it was not open warfare. In Germany, the *Kulturkampf* was raging; and the conqueror of Sedan, it was proclaimed, was not a Henry IV. to betake himself to "Canossa." Russia was driving with the bayonet its Uniate subjects into its jails or its schism. In France, Catholics were in discord with the Republic, and the Republic in discord with Catholics. In Spain, the Church, the ally now of Carlists, now of Alphonsists, was rent in pieces, and in serious danger of losing its peace and vigor. Little Switzerland had to be in the fashion, and, in defence of a new schism draping itself in the name of "Old-Catholicism," was, in its way, hurling defiance across the Alps. Austria, even, however loyal to Rome its Emperor might be, was permitting the virus of Josephism to per-

meate its parliaments, and what at any moment it might say or do against its historic Church, no one could tell. In Italy, the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel had crossed the Tiber, and shattered with cannons Rome's imperial wall. The Pontiff had been declared by Italian law the subject of the Italian government.

The loss of the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy seemed the climax of tendencies and events hastening the Church to its doom. It was taken to indicate that Heaven, no less than earth, was abandoning the Church. The temporal power, it had been thought and said, was the one prop that still upheld the tottering columns of the Papacy, the one mantle that shielded from the world's gaze its decrepit bastions; and now the temporal power was gone!

Catholics were dismayed. Their faith taught them that, however high ocean's billows rise, Peter's bark can never be sunken beyond recovery. But, for the moment, the storm raged so violently, they stood aghast; what to do, whither to turn, they knew not. Patient inactivity was the doctrine of many; these simply folded their hands and waited. To others, the combat was still the duty of the hour: but it was the combat that fastened them to the enclosures of their citadels, and forbade incursions into the territory of the enemy; it was the combat with affirmations and anathemas, rather than arguments and conciliation. The times were solemn. A French writer, Vicomte de Vogue, with the full import of the times upon his mind, assisted in the Sistine Chapel at the ceremonies attending the coronation of Leo. He wrote:

> "The darkness of the place, the limited company, the air of effacement and almost mystery—everything led our thoughts back to the first enthronement of Popes in the Catacombs. Pius IX. had left an abounding fame and a great void: the despoiled Papacy seemed to have been engulfed with him. The heir without a heritage who was shown to us had a look of weakness, and his title to renown was still discussed. His coronation seemed a *simulacrum* of vanished realties, the elevation of a phantom. And these were the years when the shadow of the cross on the world was growing less."

Such the Church, such the world, when Leo became Pontiff. To have been a great Pontiff, he must needs have had within him the elements of greatness; he must needs have accomplished great things during his pontificate.

A man Leo was, rare among men. With Leo on her scroll, Italy may well resume her Virgilian boast: "The mighty mother of men!" Knowing Leo, the poet of Avon would have sung: "The senate-house of planets all did sit, to knit in (him) their best perfections."

What dominated in Leo was mind. Such a mind as Leo's was—so lofty, so far-reaching in range, so piercing in its glance through details, so rapid in its flight to the kernel of the problem, and thence at once to its

solution! I marvel now, as I recall my audiences with Leo. He would talk: he would give free current to the floods of light within him. And, as he talked, as he discoursed of Church and nations, of present and future ages, of high destinies and ambitions, I felt like one sitting at the feet of a Scriptural prophet, and in wonderment I would exclaim to myself: What a great thing a great mind is! Once, elsewhere in Europe, I was in presence of a mind that seemed an image of Leo's—not resplendent as Leo's mind, but yet an image of it: it was when I sat near Manning at Westminster.

The quick, piercing penetration of Leo's mind! This was of immense value in his work; it explains how he was able to accomplish so much in his quarter-century. I have in my memory questions most complicated—hopelessly so, it would have seemed, for one forced to view them from a distance and outside their local circumstances. Officials of high renown had been struggling over them—and in vain. A brief exposition was made to Leo: soon the matter was clear, and the answer given in terse, comprehensive formula. "You wish your matter to be quickly understood," said to me once Cardinal Satolli; "then speak with Leo."

It was a mind stored with knowledge, refined and elevated by careful culture. The long years of retirement amid the hills and vales of Umbria had been put to profit. Not only had Leo, as was demanded of him by his sacred profession, given deep and continuous attention to philosophy and theology: he had, also, roamed long and extensively through fields of history and literature, of science and sociology, of law and diplomatics, His reading, too, had kept full pace with the movements of modern thought and investigation. Privileged to converse with Leo, the prelate and the diplomat, the traveller and the scholar, found him awaiting them on their ground, familiar with their studies. His encyclicals are evidences of deep learning, as they are of exquisite literary form. And Leo's innocent sports of his leisure hours, pursued into the very shadows of death, his Latin poems, are revelations of his beauty of expression and richness of thought, as they are of his sweetness of soul and the rythmic melodies of his whole career. Leo loved poetry and poets: noble minds are poetic by nature. One of the last books, the wires told us, upon which he rested his fingers, wan already and cold from deathly illness, was the *Ars Poetica* of Horace. During his lifetime his favorite poet had been Dante. He ordered to be printed, under his personal supervision, a magnificent edition of the Italian master of song. Charles A. Dana told how he had prepared himself for an audience with Leo by an attentive rehearsal of some Dantean passages. As occasion offered during the audience, Dana gave voice, now to one, now to another, of those passages: but, to his surprise and discomfiture, whenever his memory brought him to a pause, Leo would repeat the subsequent verses, with manifest readiness for continuous indefinite quotation. With

all he knew, Leo sought to know more. He was a reader and a student amid the onorous occupations of the Pontificate. I heard from his lips that, in the preparation of his encyclical on Labor, he had read extensively books, reviews, and reports of congresses. And I love at this moment to conjure up his figure, as once I saw it, an evening after dark, before a small square table, over which rose the glimmering rays of two waxen tapers, elbows resting heavily on the table, head sunken into the outstretched palms, eyes unspectacled, burying his gaze into Italian and French papers of latest date. He learned much from those whom he admitted to audiences. He was inquisitive; he put leading questions, and he soon knew what his visitors knew. It was no trifling task to satisfy him. One of my hardest experiences with Leo was when I was asked to tell him in brief summary the exact radical difference between our two American political parties, the Republican and the Democratic. What Leo once knew, he always knew. His memory was marvellous in its retentiveness. In one of my audiences with him I was astounded to hear him recall with startling vividness incidents of a previous audience seven years past—incidents that I had totally forgotten, until reminded of them, in this manner.

With a great mind there was in Leo a great heart. His office was that of the shepherd, the father: in it there was needed that tenderness of soul which responds to every human suffering, and pours into every human wound the balm of its unction. It was plainly to be remarked in Leo, that heart was subservient to mind, and was ever held under the control of the superior faculty: otherwise, his heart was as wide of range as was the mind, and as quick to throb as the mind was quick to see. It was with a genuine feeling of compassion, and a deep joyousness begotten of his sense of power to bring succor, that he stepped into the field of action, whenever an ill of humanity was to be relieved. An appeal to him, in the name of human woe, whencesoever it came, obtained an attentive ear. Lines of social class or religious communion, frontiers of race or nationality, never limited the flow of his love. His writings in behalf of labor, his fruitful intervention in Brazil for the abolition of slavery, his tenacious co-operation with Lavigerie to protect the blacks of Africa were the native effusions of his broad humanitarianism of heart, as, also, his thousand and one smaller acts of kindness and amiability reflected its quieter and softer beatings. Those who had at any time the privilege of an audience, private or public, with Leo, can tell of his sweetness of temper and graciousness of manner, as of his exquisite tact and practical judgment. On one occasion, I obtained an audience for a well-known Presbyterian minister and his wife. The audience over, they hurried to my hotel, faces suffused with abundant tears, to tell me that the delight of their visit to the Vatican was unforgetful. I heard of another Protestant clergyman saying that his remembrance of Leo was as the remembrance of a living image of Christ.

Leo's wonderful tact! It was mind and heart combined. It showed itself in smaller realms of action. It showed itself in larger realms. In these latter, tact is statesmanship. Leo was the statesman of the last half-century, a period by no means poor in statesmanship. It was the time of Crispi, Thiers, Gladstone, Bismarck. Leo surpassed all of them in mental grandeur, as he surpassed them in the magnitude of his sphere of action, and the success following upon his labors. Leo studied men and situations. He bided his time; the opportunity at hand, he never failed to grasp it. He had long watched the growth of conditions, fostering them meanwhile with consummate prudence. The psychological moment arriving, he acted instantly. It was the publication of an encyclical, or the establishment of an apostolic delegation; it was the institution of a religious work, or an appeal to sovereigns and potentates; whatever it was, Leo had chosen for it the propitious time and place, and success was assured. The statesman had been at work. Little in Leo's career happened by accident; nothing from the impulse of the moment. He was not the man to move with currents, and grasp only the fortunes that passing events or self-made conditions cast into his hands. He was the far-seeing, patient worker: his pontificate was the creation of his genius.

It is a true and significant definition of Leo, as Pontiff, to say that in a marked manner he was a conscious worker. This was one of his very singular characteristics. It goes far to explain Leo's career. He was conscious throughout—conscious of the gifts within him, conscious of the grandeur of the mission confided to him, conscious of the power wrapt up in his office, conscious of the opportunities brought to him. And conscious thus, he was nobly ambitious. He had resolved that his should be a great pontificate. The pontificates of history—those of Leo I., Gregory VII., Innocent III., Pius V., were before his mind: his own, so far as it depended on him, was to be as theirs. They had served the Church with exceptional glory: he would serve it in like manner. The picture of his pontificate, as he desired it to be, tempted ever his pencil. The occasion present, he colored deliberately the canvas: the occasion absent, he as deliberately wrought to draw it nigh. He kept his energies in persistent play. The canvas he had placed on the easel was to be filled out: and filled out it was when he was bidden to his rest.

It is impossible to have studied Leo, or conversed long with him, without realizing how completely he was identified with his office. He grew into his attributes and prerogatives. The man Leo scarcely existed: it was the Pontiff of Rome. The sense of the immensity of his office was upon him: its hopes and its darings were his hopes and darings: its powers, he felt, had passed into his soul: he partook, as it were, of its eternity. To the last, Leo would propose and plan, as one buoyant of youth, as if years did not count. It was the office that was proposing and planning—that office

whose views are long, very long, extending into the far generations of the future. Surprise has been expressed that, during his last illness, Leo delighted in reading and hearing what the world was saying about him. In this he was Leo. He had had a work to do: he wished to see how it had been done. He was reviewing, not himself, but his pontificate.

Only a rapid review is here possible of Leo's work.

He made peace with governments. He brought to a close the *Kulturkampf* in Germany. The manifest fair-mindedness of his proposals, the sweetness with which they were made, the skilled handling of the Catholic forces in Germany so as to strengthen the government in its battlings with internal perils, made captive Emperor and minister, and secured the repeal of the Falk laws and the generous restoration to the Church of its liberties and prerogatives. He opened the way for reconciliation between the Church and the Republic in France. Catholics in France held so fast to the traditional doctrine of "the throne and the altar," and sought so zealously to make religion a shield for their loyalty to monarchy, that pretext was given to the government to treat the Church as an enemy. Leo startled the country with the proclamation of the doctrine, apparently new to France, however old it was to Catholic theology, that forms of government are matters of indifference to the Church, that the legitimate form to which respect and obedience are due is that which is willed by the people. Henceforward, whatever happens in France, the Church, as such, cannot be traduced as the enemy of the country or of republican liberties. Action somewhat similar to that taken in France was taken also in Spain. There the Carlists were forbidden to claim as their own the support of Catholics, and peace was won to country and to Church. Prudent and long-continued negotiations obtained liberty for Catholics in Russia. The gratitude of England was secured by Leo's settlement of perplexing questions in Malta. His tactful interference in Ireland, condemning measures that went clearly beyond the bounds of justice and charity, while recognizing the substantial justice of Irish claims, gave comfort and satisfaction both to England and to Ireland. The skill of Leo's nuncios smoothed away difficulties in Austria, Switzerland, and Holland. Even Mohammedan Turkey and pagan China were drawn into relations with Leo, and made under his gentle pressure to grant serious advantages to the Church. Meanwhile, Leo's encyclicals, rapidly following one upon another, had brought out the Church as the stable support of civil society, of legitimate authority in rulers, of legitimate liberty in subjects; and governments and peoples who hitherto had held it in suspicion, now looked to it for help in their battlings for social order. Nations learned that their truest friend and supporter was the Pontiff of Rome: rulers sought his friendship and alliance. The presence in the Vatican of Germany's Emperor and of England's King, a few months ago, spoke volumes in praise of Leo, as the Pontiff of peace.

Peace with civil governments was Leo's settled policy. Nothing, save the peril of violating principle, could stop him short in his efforts to make or to preserve peace. Compromise, conciliation, silent patience — all this, he thought, was better far than war, and would in the end secure to the Church advantages which war never could have yielded. Experience proves that Leo was right. And as he did on the throne of Peter, so he taught Catholics to do in their several countries, in their relations with their several governments, to love and foster peace. "The Church," he said to myself, on a memorable occasion, "will not flourish where Catholics are in discord with the country and its institutions. Teach your people to be faithful Americans."

Leo was the Pontiff of the age. "Hands off" had been the cry of the age to the Church and of the Church to the age. To the age, the Church was the crystallized and immovable past; to the Church, the age stood for revolution and ruin, for the demolition of all structures bearing on their frontispiece marks of other times. There was no room for explanation, none for negotiation, so wildly did war rage. Leo understood the Church, and he understood the age. He had the poise of mind — so rare in men — to make distinctions, to see in the age what was good, no less than what was evil, to see in the Church what was contingent and accidental, no less than what was necessary and permanent. He had, too, the good-will and practical wisdom which make for so much in efforts towards pacification. And, so armed, he faced the age. He entered intrepidly into its own arenas, spoke its language, and grasped in hand its fetiches. What did it demand? New forms of civil government, the recognition of political rights of the people? In those matters his letter to French Catholics was a sweeping concession. Freedom from servitude for the weak and the oppressed? His encyclicals on labor put Leo in the fore-front of social reformers and philanthropists. The betterment of physical and material conditions, progress in all that elevates humanity to higher planes of comfort and social happiness? For all this Leo gives unstinted praise to the age. To him the age is "the noble nurse of all the arts;" and with its most fervent admirers he chants "its contributions to the public weal, its rich discoveries of nature's secrets." The growth of intelligence, the diffusion of learning? The schools and universities founded or blessed by Leo, his multiplied epistles on education, give irrecusable proof that the Church is the foe of ignorance, the friend of science and of research. The Church had been accused of cowardice in the presence of the age. The reproach was loudly made that it hid itself in darkness, dreading the glare of modern search-lights. Leo unlocked the doors of the Vatican Library, and delivered to all comers the whole story of the Church, fearing nothing, proclaiming that if the Church is not founded on truth, it has no right to the allegiance of men. With similar courage and confidence he summoned into counsel, at a later date, his expert Scrip-

tural scholars, and ordered them to look straight into the face of all discoveries, of all argumentations, upon which unbelieving criticism was upbuilding itself, and vindicate the Bible on the chosen ground of its opponents.

The age was startled. Leo had won its attention. He was now in a position to speak boldly of its errors, of the excesses and extravagancies to which it was prone to lend itself, and in the name of its cherished revindications to bid it look carefully to its movements, lest wreckage and ruin overtake it.

Leo loved to write encyclicals. He was a teacher: and as such he was not to be faithless to his mandate. The several volumes into which his encyclicals have been collected form a complete exposition of the questions of the day from the standpoint of historic Christianity and sane philosophy. They are delightfully free from all tone of bitterness, from all exaggeration in thought and word, and are models of purest and classical Latinity. Not alone the dogmas of the Church and the fundamental facts of Christianity form the subject matter: the vital principles which assure the security of the family and of society, the laws of justice and of charity which render possible the relations of men with men, of nations with nations, are treated there, no less with the skill of the trained student of sociology and political economy, than with the authority of the Christian teacher.

Leo was too modern to confine himself as a teacher to the more official methods of the Roman Pontificate. He was too modern not to value the power of the newspaper. The *Moniteur de Rome* was of his own foundation. For a long time, it was owned, controlled, and inspired by him. At one time or another of his pontificate, several other papers were brought more or less into his personal service. The first public announcement of his French policy was made in a historic "interview" with a reporter from the *Petit Journal* of Paris.

Leo's labors on behalf of the Catholic Church were varied and abundant. The spiritual and devotional life of the faithful was fostered: the working organism of the Pontificate, invigorated and freshened; the missionary expansion of the Church, stimulated and directed; the education of laity and of clergy, developed and raised to the requirements of the times. There is not a single country of the globe which, now or again, did not receive his particular attention according to its special needs and workings. He could not let himself be at rest. The intervals were brief when he was not heard from. His continued effort was to speed life through the whole body of the Church. He had imperial views regarding the government of the Church, in sequence of which he scattered over the several countries his apostolic delegates, through whose agency he was to be better informed of happenings, better enabled to hold in his hands the reins of direction.

But the frontiers of the Church never limited Leo's action. Wherever there was good to be done, wherever humanity was to be advanced, there he saw work to be done for the Master, and at once he set himself to do it. Slaves were to be liberated in Brazil. Leo wrote urgently to the hierarchy and to the Emperor, Dom Pedro: and in special tribute to Leo, on one of his jubilee days, universal emancipation was proclaimed. The cruel trade in black men by the Mohammedans of Africa was to be repressed. Leo set Lavigerie to work: all Europe was awakened; and, if the trade was not forever ended, it was immensely minimized. Soldiers of Italy were prisoners of war in Abyssinia: Leo's intercession with King Menelik saved them from being massacred. He corresponded with William of Germany regarding the Berlin Congress on labor, with Nicholas of Russia regarding the Hague Conference on arbitration and peace. His letter to Mr. Bryan and to Mrs. Honore Palmer in favor of the Chicago World's Fair, and the rich historic exhibit sent to it from the Vatican, proved his interest in all such matters as World's Fairs are made of. How beneficial to learning, secular as well as sacred, was his opening of the archives of the Vatican Library, scholars never tire of telling.

As an example of Leo's ever-willing philanthropy, I quote an incident known but to a few outside myself. I was in Rome in 1887. At that time in Russia an imperial ukase was compelling the hasty withdrawal of Jews from provinces of the empire outside what was known as the Jewish zone. It was very important for those Russian Jews to obtain a delay in the enforcement of the ukase, so that they might have time to make better preparation for their removal to new homes. Jewish leaders in England and America took the question in hand. It was decided that Mr. Jesse Seligman, of New York, should in his own name and that of Baron Hirsch seek the intercession of Leo with the government of the Tzar. Mr. Seligman arrived in Rome, but knew not how he could see the Pope. He called on me at the American College. I consulted with Cardinal Rampolla. The Cardinal brought the matter before the Holy Father, and received the order to see Mr. Seligman and enter, as far as it was possible, into his views. Mr. Seligman was delighted with his visit to the Cardinal, as was the Cardinal with his interview with Mr. Seligman. I heard directly from the Cardinal that the Holy Father had given his most gracious consideration to Mr. Seligman's request, and had so far acceded to it as to petition the Russian government through its *charge d'affaires* in Rome for the desired delay in the enforcement of the ukase. Leo was the Pontiff of humanity.

Some day a long chapter will be written on Leo and America—his appreciative understanding of our institutions and liberties, his genial love of the country and its people, his wise and large-minded directions to the Church in America, his friendliness of attitude, in more than one instance, towards national affairs. Better pass over such matters than give of them

a too brief account. Suffice it to say that in all his relations with America or Americans, Leo was Leo throughout—the large-minded, the large-hearted pontiff; and that the very special esteem he always had for America and its institutions arose from his deep comprehension of the modern age, exemplified he believed to a degree in America. Speaking of America, he would say with manifest admiration, "*L'avvenire*"—"The Future."

As Leo was passing away, affairs of Church and state in France were in such turbulent condition that the question is raised, whether his French policy had been wisely formulated, whether in this at least he had not failed in conspicuous statesmanship. The answer is easy. In his letter to the Catholics of France, Leo obeyed the duty of the hour. He decided a moral question. The Republic was the established form of government: it was the result of the will of the majority of the nation. Therefore it was the moral duty of the Catholics to accept the Republic, and work loyally with it for the weal of the country. Again, religion was suffering in France, because the anti-republican elements in the population were so bent on covering their monarchistic and imperialistic sentiments and hopes with the mantle of the Church, that the government of the Republic was led to see in the Church a political enemy. It was Leo's part to speak for the Church, to make clear that it linked itself to no one form of government, but left altogether to the people to choose the form that pleased them best. The duty of the hour for Leo was to proclaim the principles of truth and justice. What might follow, what did follow, was then, as it now is, a secondary question. Leo did his duty: history will vindicate him. As to what has, in fact, followed, Catholics in France must take to themselves their share of the blame. To his last day, Leo exhorted them by voice and by letter to obey his injunctions. A large number did obey: but it is undeniable history, a very large number did not obey. What would have happened if the rally to Leo's policy had been more general? In that case, I believe, the allies of religion in France would not to-day be excluded, as they are, from the management of public affairs: in that case, even if iniquitious laws were still put on the statute-books, the framers of such laws would not dare appeal, as they do, to the popular vote in the name of an imperilled Republic. Leo's French policy was both statesmanship and religion: it still points the road to religion and social peace in France.

Nor did Leo before his death see peace established between the Church and the Italian government. Is this a failure for Leo? The old question of the political independence of the Holy See confronts us. Leo believed in this independence. His overpowering sense of the majesty of his office, and of its world-wide supernational range of duty, forbade him to admit that he, the World-Pontiff, was the subject of one of the potentates over whom his spiritual authority rose in equal proportion. To be the subject of Italy

while he was dealing, for instance, with France, he could not endure. He held to a principle; and he would hold to it, he said, unto martyrdom. It is asserted at times that the absence of temporal independence contributed to the prestige of the Pontificate under Leo. He himself did not believe this. If success attended his pontificate, he would say, it was despite the loss of temporal independence. Indeed, he would add, practically the Holy See had not lost its independence, as through his continuous protests against the Italian government, he had, in the eyes of the world, retained it intact. But a situation sustained only through protests is abnormal and not made to endure.

The momentous question remains, though Leo is gone. Italy, the historic home of the Papacy, owes to the Church and to the world a solution of this question. In what precise form the solution might come, we need not discuss. A solution is required. But it was no fault in Leo that the question is unsettled.

Leo's pontificate is before the world. The world's mourning, at Leo's death, is the world's judgment upon his pontificate.

Catholics, surely, have reason to acclaim Leo. They remember the situation of the Church and the Papacy in 1878; they see what it is in 1903. They need not hold that no other elements, outside Leo's personality, were at work, contributing to the change. There were the co-laborers of Leo in Rome, and in the world at large. There was the age itself—its earnestness in research of causes leading to the weal of mankind, and its willingness, in the midst of many aberrations, to recognize facts and principles, when properly presented to its gaze. But Leo rose above all co-laborers to an eminence that leaves them at his feet, while he touches the skies: and, more than can be easily told, they were debtors to Leo for their ideas and their purposes. Whatever the help given to him from the age, Leo himself had provoked it; whatever the fair-mindedness and spirit of justice in the age, Leo himself had done much to stimulate and develop it. There was, too, with Leo, Catholics believe, the assistance of Providence. But here, again, Providence, in taking human agents into its employ, leaves in full play their will and talents, and usually measures its own graces to their disposition and action. As never before in modern times, the Church has the friendliness of the world, and is known in its proper stature and power, and recognized as the promoter of personal righteousness, the support of the family and of society, the defender of Christ and His Gospel. For this, Catholics must thank Leo.

But great humanity outside the Catholic Church—why its love and admiration for Leo? Leo was pre-eminently a great and good man. Greatness and goodness anywhere, our whole humanity is graced with beauty and dignity; our whole humanity is elevated in its possibilities and its aspirations. Leo worked for his Church. But he worked for it with

methods that honor and teach humanity. Only with the arms of truth, justice, and love did Leo seek to serve it. If such arms did not lead it to victory, Leo sought no victory: if they did, humanity would not complain. Leo worked for the Church: but in doing so, he believed that he was working for humanity. He held that the Church does not deserve the Master's smile, unless it serves humanity. His unrelenting effort was to bring into plainest perspective the power born within the Church to purify and uplift humanity, to cure its ills, to sweeten its passage across earth, while drawing it toward Heaven, its final home. As we have seen, Leo loved humanity for its own sake, and worked for it outside the frontiers of his Church. A brother-man was his Master's child. Black, yellow, or white—heathen, Jew, Christian, non-Catholic, or Catholic—Leo recognized the brother and served him. The world is the better, the richer, the happier: men are drawn nearer to one another; they are prompted to higher flights of righteousness and charity, because Leo has lived. The world in mourning at his death was a well-merited tribute—an honor to Leo, an honor to the world.

A REMINISCENCE OF POPE LEO.

BY

REV. JOHN SPENSLEY, D. D.

THE twenty-five years of Pope Leo's reign brought into the world's history one of its most remarkable figures. His character would always have been forceful, even if he had remained in the obscurity of his hilltop episcopal city in the Abruzzi. But the world at large would not have known him. As the governor of a province, as the firm ruler of local ecclesiastical affairs, his influence would always have been strong for good, but he would not have caught the eye of one who surveys the field of universal activity.

His elevation to the throne of Peter, in 1878, made him at once a cynosure; and as the years rolled on the mind of mankind began to appreciate him, not only as one who was worthily occupying an exalted position, but also as a most interesting personal character.

The widespread interest which attached to his splendid fight for life, at a time when he had more than passed the average of years allotted to man, brought out such numerous estimates of the great pontiff that even the casual reader became familiar with his qualities as a statesman and a man of letters. But there was another side to his character which could only be studied at short range—his individuality.

To the writer was given the opportunity of studying Leo XIII on many different occasions. There are various ways of seeing the Pope, but owing to the great number of applications and to the possibility also, of admitting dangerous cranks to his presence, certain precautions are taken and there is thrown around the formality what is sometimes impatiently thought to be mere "red tape." But this only makes one's pleasure the more keen, when all the barriers are passed.

What impressed the writer throughout his different experiences of contact with the Head of the Church was the fact that, whether walking in the garden or pontificating in all the splendor of the Roman ritual, the Pope was always the same—simplicity itself. And yet his manner was always in harmony with his environment.

As is well known, Leo was very fond of his garden. Now, by the term garden must not be understood a half acre of plants and shrubs. The Vatican gardens form a good sized park, with groves and fountains and lawns, and even with different residences, to be used, for example, in Summer, when the Holy Father would exchange the sometimes oppressive grandeur of the palace for the rustic simplicity of a villa.

In these gardens Pope Leo would pass the time on pleasant days, when free from the cares of state, and one would occasionally be allowed to meet him on his walks. This was, perhaps, the most informal manner of being admitted to his presence and to many it was the most pleasant, for there was a certain intimacy about it which was lacking in the throne room. Down the path would come a detachment of guards, in splendid uniforms, and a small group of ecclesiastics, surrounding a fragile old man with a thin mobile face lighted by a pleasant smile, and an eye that beamed with kindliness, although it could pierce like a dart.

In spite of the years which bowed his frame he would move along with an agile step that would decidedly inconvenience some portly attendant. Approaching the favored one who was waiting with respectful unobtrusiveness by the wayside, he would lay a hand affectionately on his head and give him a blessing. And he would stop to ask questions in a genial interested way that put one completely at his ease. Perhaps you had mastered a stately phrase or two, with which to salute this great man who was the friend of emperors and the head of the worldwide church. Yet before you knew it you were answering his questions about yourself and your country with an easy familiarity which made you forget the well worded Italian you had taken such pains to prepare. And Leo would nod approvingly and say: "God bless you, my son! Coraggio e perseveranza!" Occasions like this made you have a personal affection for him. You felt that he was not merely the Father of all the faithful, but in a particular manner of yourself. And you felt a special pride in the fact that you had been enabled to speak in this simple colloquial style with one such as he.

It was marvelous how this aged man could endure the tedium of his office, the long routine of audiences, the receptions of pilgrims, the demands and petitions of ambassadors, each trying to circumvent the other, the lengthy ceremonials of the church, which sometimes required a fast till afternoon. And yet he would never succumb to fatigue. He kept Dr. Lapponi, his physician, in a constant state of exasperation by refusing to take rest and the precautions upon which the good doctor insisted as necessary to preserve his life. Lapponi would solemnly predict the most dire consequences if his august charge took part in a certain ceremonial, and the playful malice with which Pope Leo would carry the function through, without fulfilling the cheerful prediction, would drive the medico to desperation. And he would splutter to himself: "Questa volta, si, ma verra un giorno * * *!"

Receptions in the throne room must have been most trying to the venerable pontiff. For example: It was the custom, on Candlemas Day, for the churches, colleges and communities of Rome each to present the Holy Father with a huge ornamented candle. This meant that delegations from the different institutions would be presented to him in a steady stream for hours. They would approach the throne and kneel before him while he bent forward to receive the offering and exchange a few pleasantries with each one. The continual leaning forward and what must have been the painful monotony, to an intellect like his, of hours of small talk, would have tried a giant. Yet he would persevere to the end, smiling and cordial, with the calm dignity of one who was above considerations of mere petty fatigue.

Then, too, he could always say something that was of personal interest to his hearer, or he could touch happily on some topic of national moment. Once, while waiting his turn for a few words, the writer could not help overhearing the Pope's conversation with the rector of a certain pontifical college. The rector had recently given a banquet at which the guests of honor were two cardinals, primates respectively of England and Ireland. "I am glad to see," remarked Leo with a twinkle in his eye, "that you are bringing about the harmony of nations."

The most impressive spectacle in Rome since the Vatican Council was the recent cannonization of two "beati." The interior of St. Peter's was gorgeously adorned with rich tapestries, while thousands and thousands of lighted candles, describing stupendous designs in lines of fire from dome to altar, from transept to transept, from tribune to portal, made a fairyland of bewildering beauty. Pope Leo appeared on this occasion with a magnificence of church ritual such as is rarely one's privilege to behold. Nearly seventy thousand people spent hours in the great basilica, waiting for the procession. But those hours were passed without weariness, in the interest of studying the miracles of decoration which transformed the already magnificent outlines of the stately fane.

Finally a blast from silver trumpets announced the approach of the Pope. A long cortege came slowly into view: the Palatine and Swiss Guards, the little army of the Vatican; the brilliant array of the Guardia Nobile, composed of princes and nobles of old Italian families; canons and dignitaries, and finally nearly four hundred bishops, archbishops and cardinals. As the Pope himself emerged from the archway of the Vatican entrance, borne aloft in the sedia gestatoria, a murmur of voices arose, mingling with the triumphant march of the trumpeteers and the glorious canticle of the Sistine choir. It swelled rapidly into a roar, till great billows of sound rolled through the vast edifice from end to end, "Viva il Papa-Re! Viva Leone decimo-terzo! Viva! Viva!!

And the saints of marble and the popes of bronze gazed from altar and sarcophagus, across the sea of upturned faces and fluttering kerchiefs, as though in wonder at this unusual commotion.

And the man who was causing all this enthusiasm? As you looked upon him did you see a figure in the attitude of Jove? Did you behold one who seemed to realize that he was on the pinnacle of earthly dignity? No. You saw the same mild old man who had greeted you so kindly in the garden. His smile was the same, and as he bestowed his blessing on the multitudes that beautiful spirit of fatherly love seemed to animate him which made him ask you so gently about the dear ones you had left at home, far off across the sea.

As one reflects, how much more of real grandeur there was in this constant attitude of Pope Leo than there would have been in that proud realization of dignity and power which marks the ruler of a kingdom that is of this world. Talleyrand once said that the love of glory sometimes makes a great hero; indifference to it, a great man. Leo was a great man. Inferior men love display and ostentation. They love to be seen receiving the homage of men. To Leo, the affectionate reverence of a child seemed to give as much pleasure as the rapturous burst of universal acclaim beneath the dome of the world's cathedral.

He realized well this truth: the glory of this world passeth away; that only is real, which is eternal. And so, a lesson to be drawn from the dead pope's personality might be

THE SIMPLICITY OF TRUE GREATNESS.

THE

Venerable · Hierarchy

OF THE

United States

AT THE

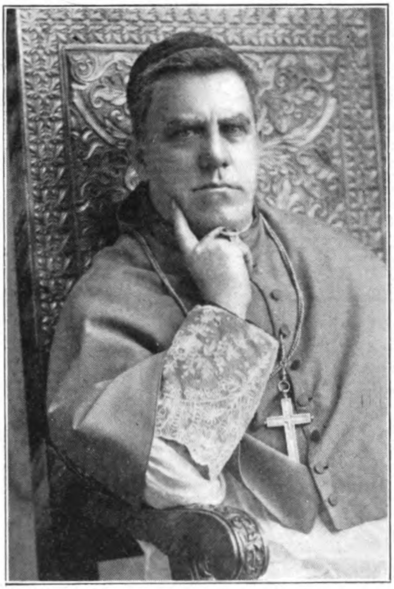
TIME OF THE DEATH

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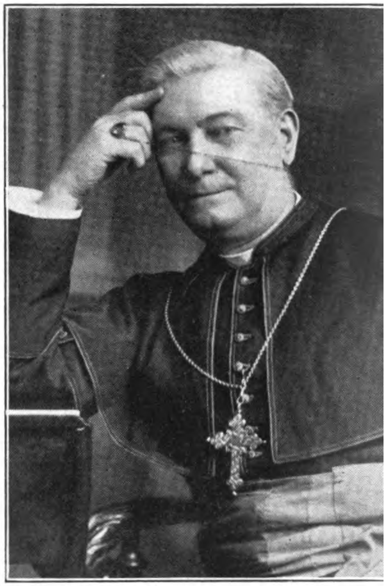
Holy Father Pope Leo XIII.



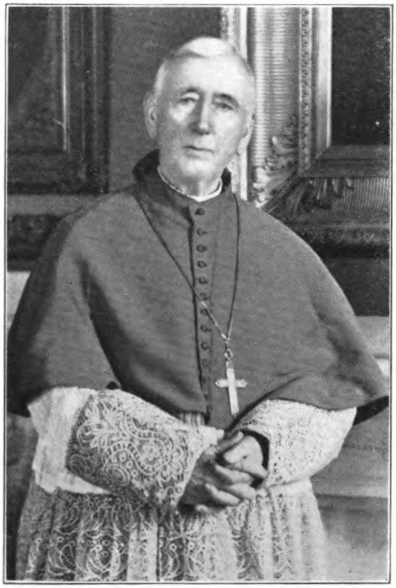
HIS EXCELLENCY
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DELEGATE APOSTOLIC,
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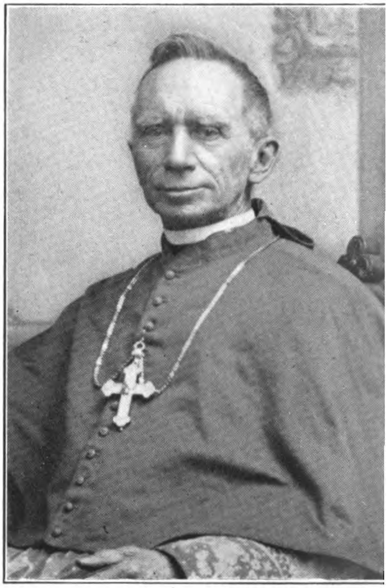
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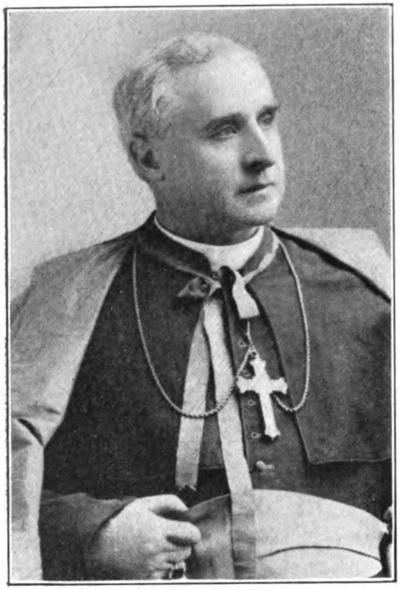
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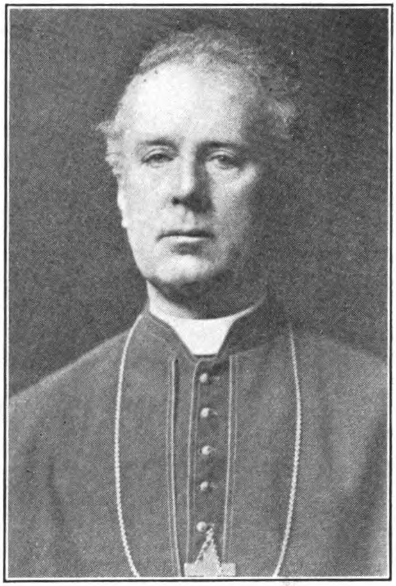
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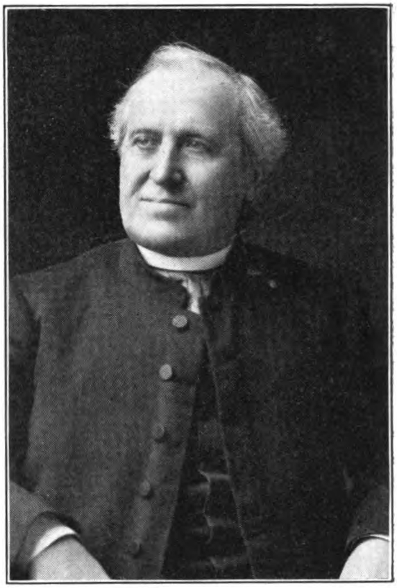
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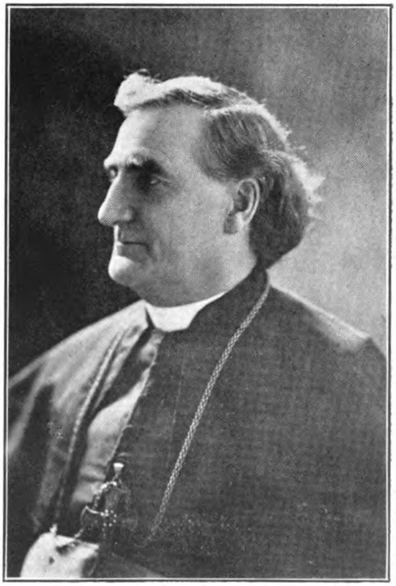
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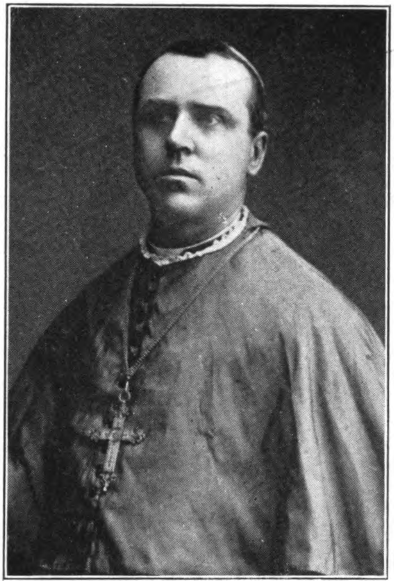
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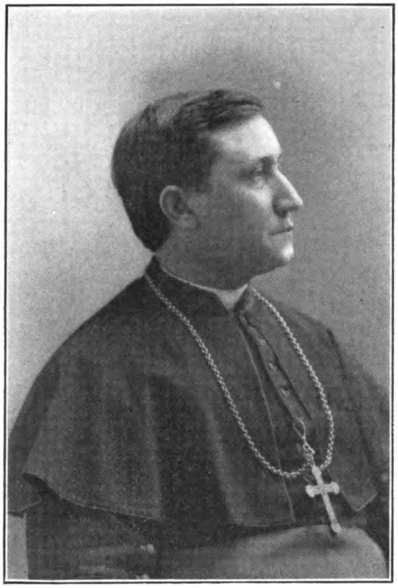
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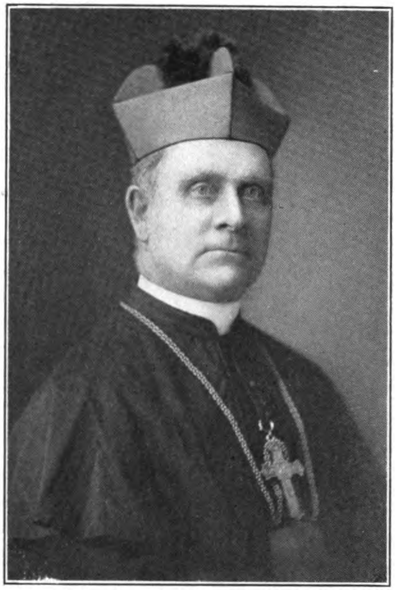
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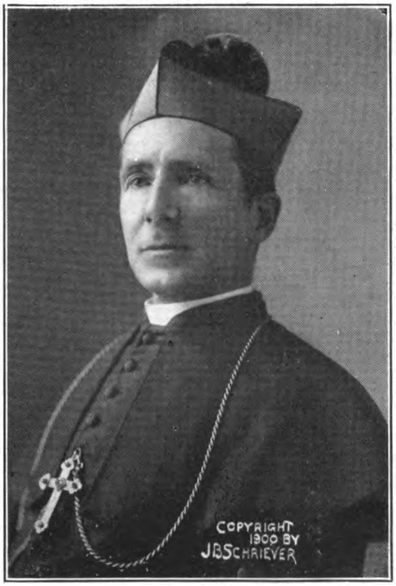
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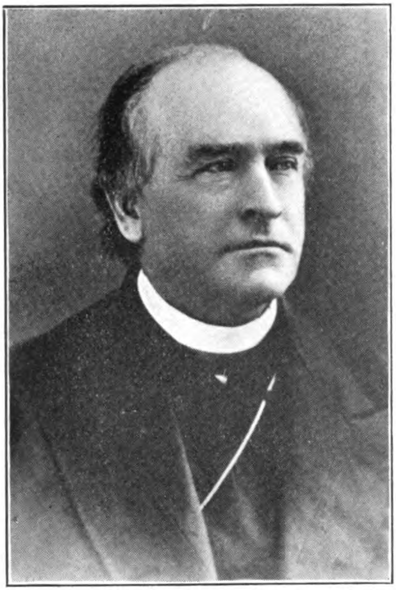
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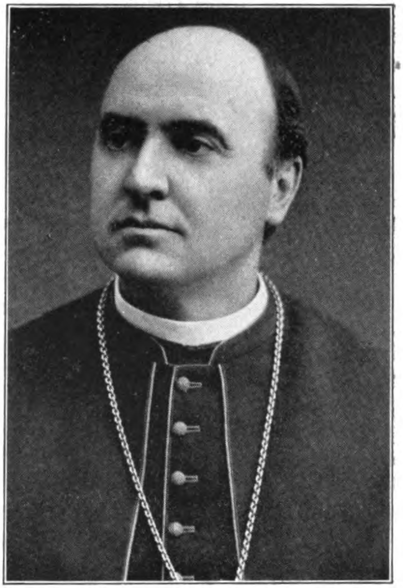
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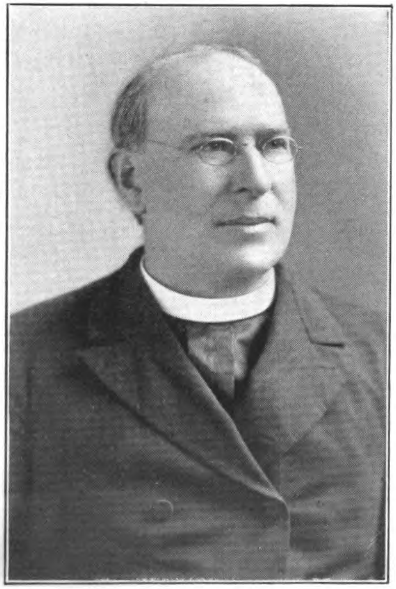


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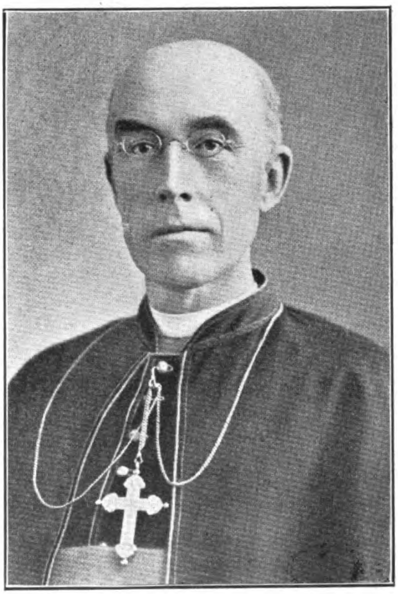


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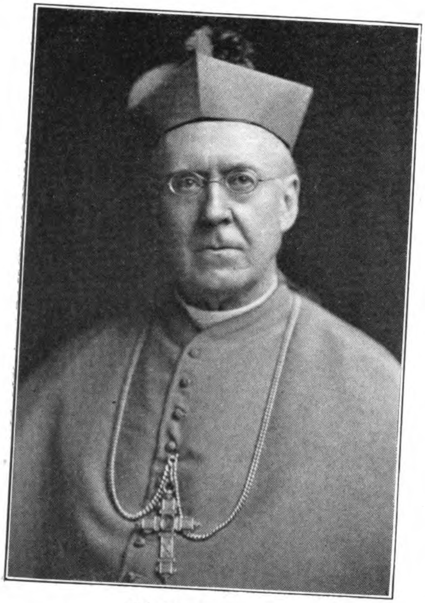
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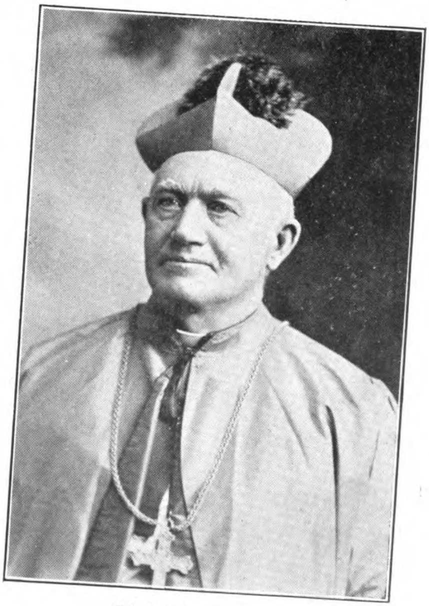
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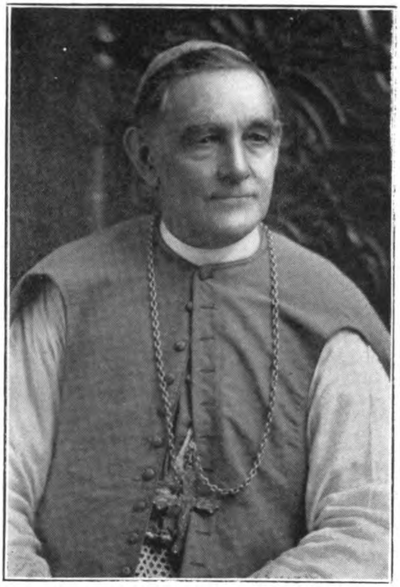
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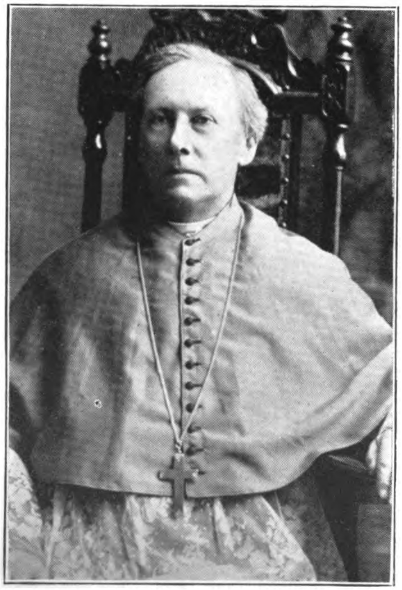
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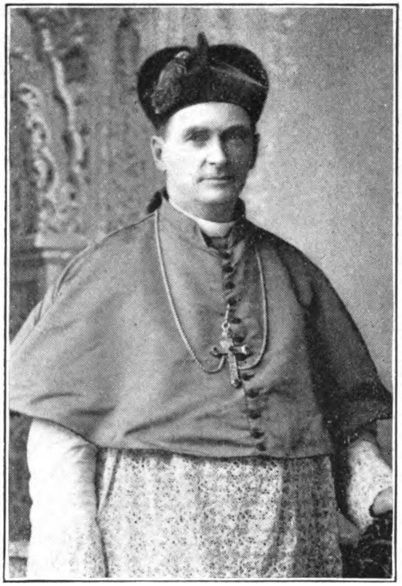
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Frederick Eis, D. D.,
Marquette, Mich.



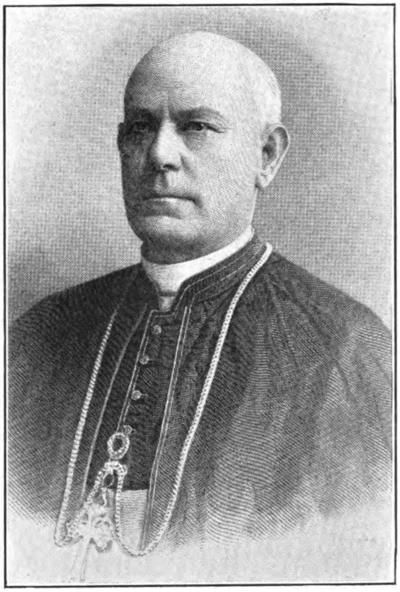
Right Reverend
John A. Forest, D. D.,
San Antonio, Tex.



Right Reverend
James McGolrick, D. D.,
Duluth, Minn.



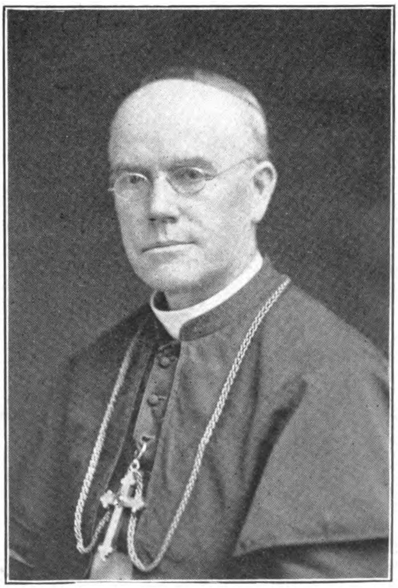
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Nicholas C. Matz, D. D.,
Denver, Col.



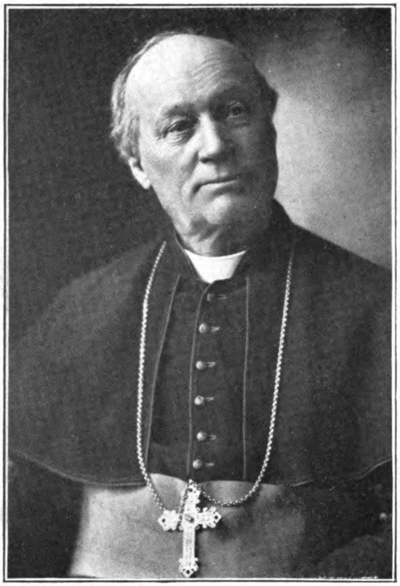
Right Reverend
John L. Spalding, D. D.,
Peoria, Ill.



Right Reverend
Thomas Heslin, D. D.,
Natchez, Miss.



Right Reverend
Denis O'Donaghue, D. D.,
Indianapolis, Ind.



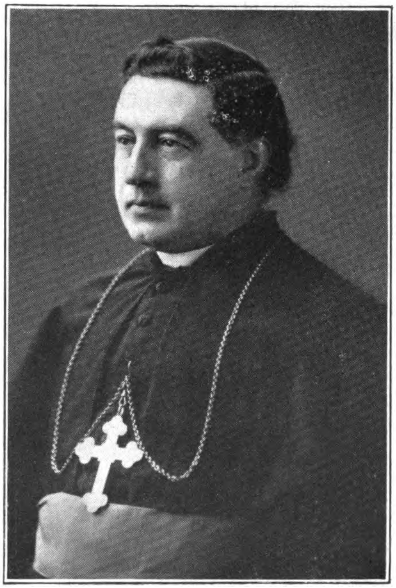
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Henry Cosgrove, D. D.,
Davenport, Iowa.



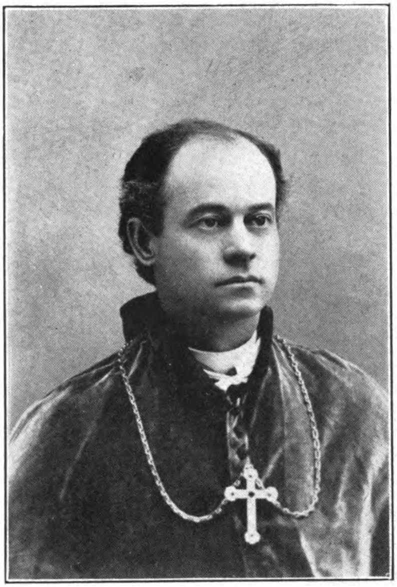
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John S. Foley, D. D.,
Detroit, Mich.



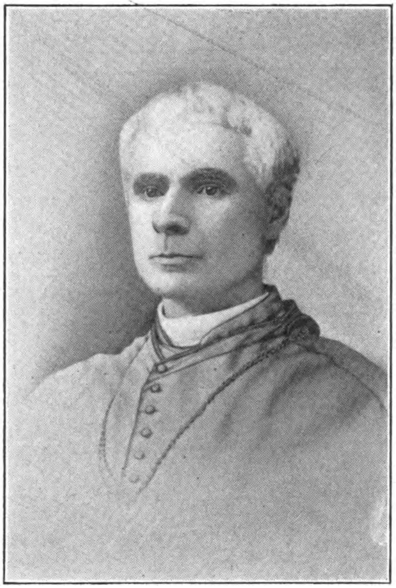
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John W. Stariha, D. D.,
Lead, S. Dak.



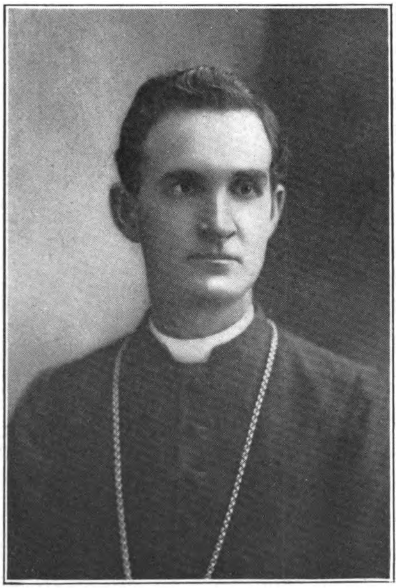
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Camillus P. Maes, D. D.,
Covington, Ky.



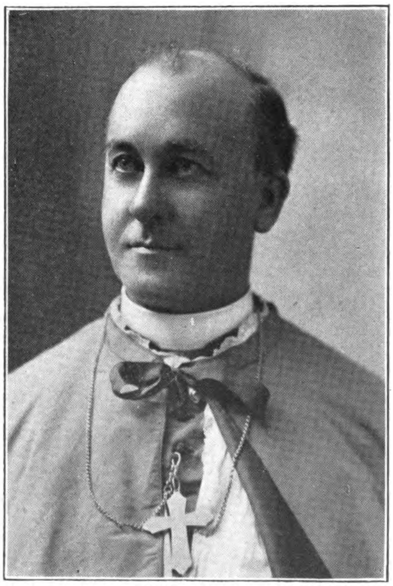
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Edward O'Dea, D. D.,
Vancouver, Wash.



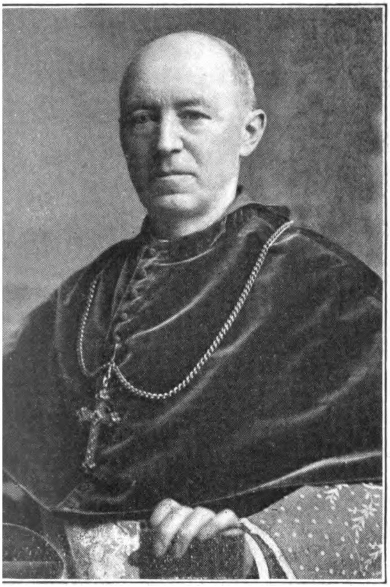
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John J. Hogan, D. D.,
Kansas City, Mo.



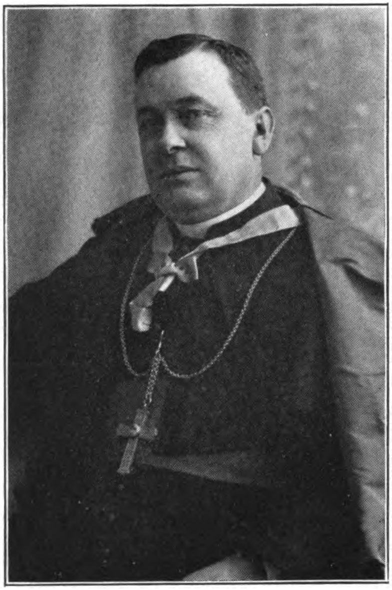
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Alexander J. McGavick, D. D.,
Chicago, Ill.



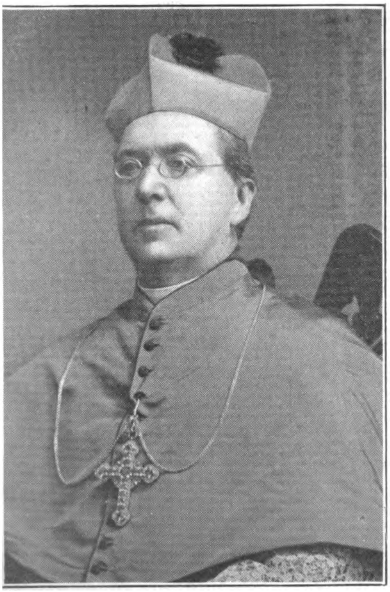
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Wm. J. Kenny, D. D.,
Jacksonville, Fla.



Right Reverend
Patrick A. Ludden, D. D.,
Syracuse, N. Y.



Right Reverend
Patrick J. Donahue, D. D.,
Wheeling, W. Va.



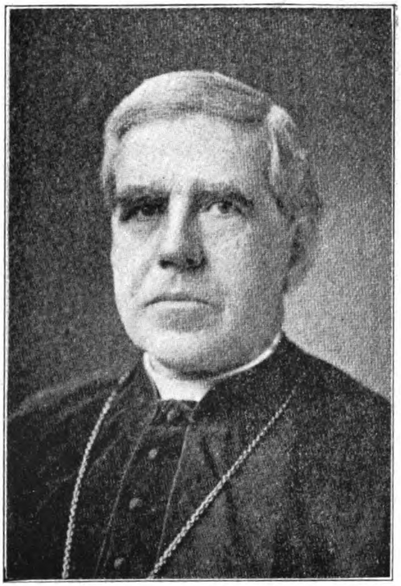
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John E. Fitz-Maurice, D. D.,
Erie, Pa.



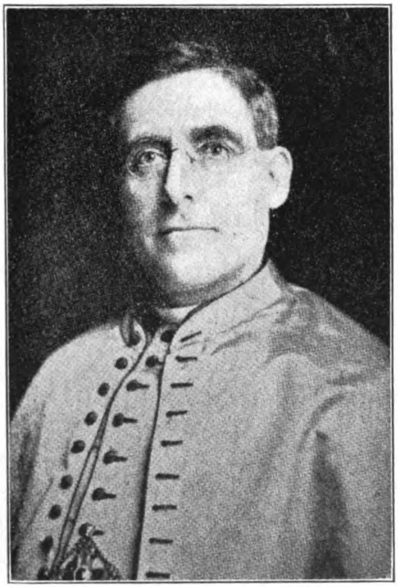
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Henry Moeller, D. D.,
Columbus, Ohio.



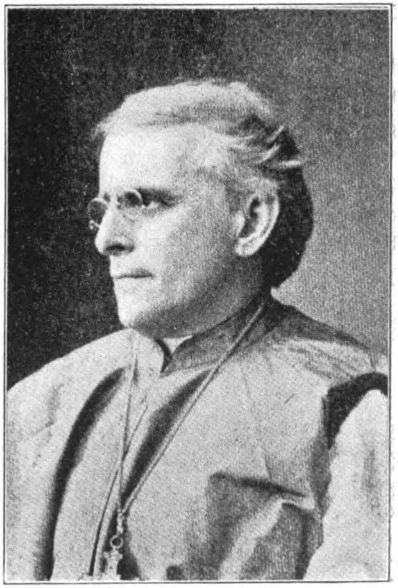
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W. H. O'Connell, D. D.,
Portland, Me.



Right Reverend
Thomas J. Conaty, D. D.,
Los Angeles, Cal.



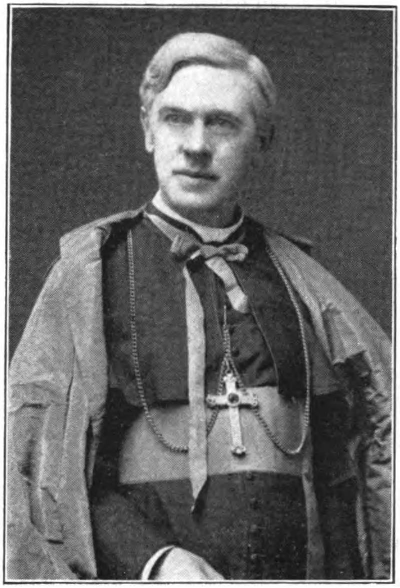
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James J. Keane, D. D.,
Cheyenne, Wyo.



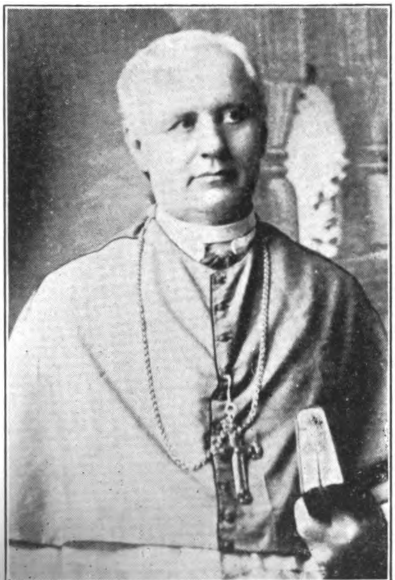
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B. J. Keiley, D. D.,
Savannah, Ga.



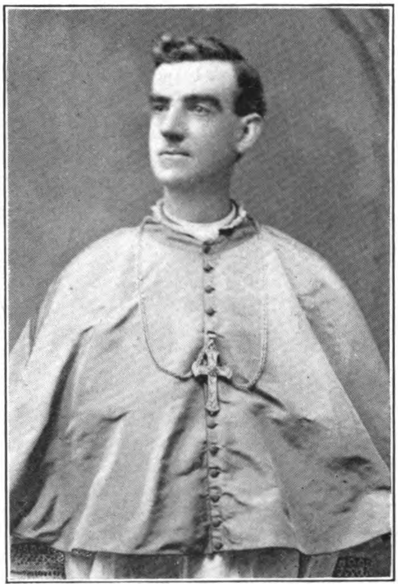
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Herman J. Alerding, D. D.,
Ft. Wayne, Ind.



Right Reverend
Charles H. Colton, D. D.,
Buffalo, N. Y.



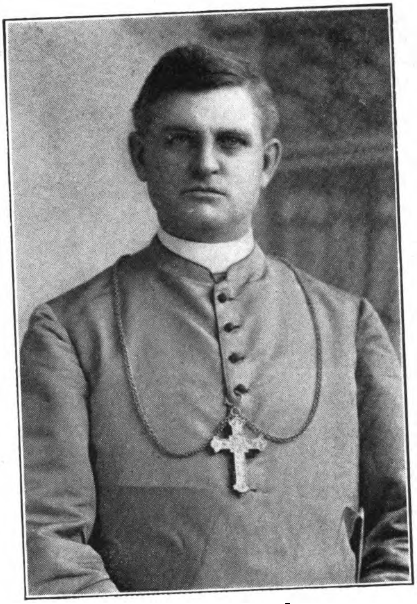
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Anthony Durier, D. D.,
Natchitoches, La.



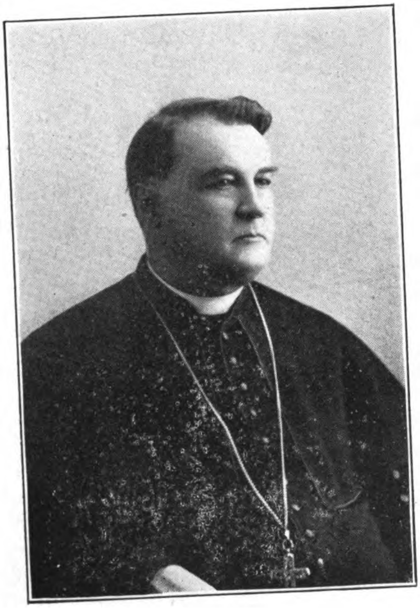
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C. J. O'Reilly, D. D.,
Baker City, Ore.



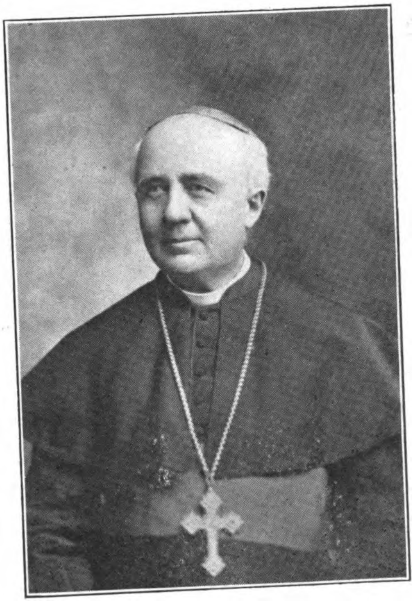
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John J. Monaghan, D. D.,
Wilmington, Del.



Right Reverend
Edward P. Allen, D. D.,
Mobile, Ala.



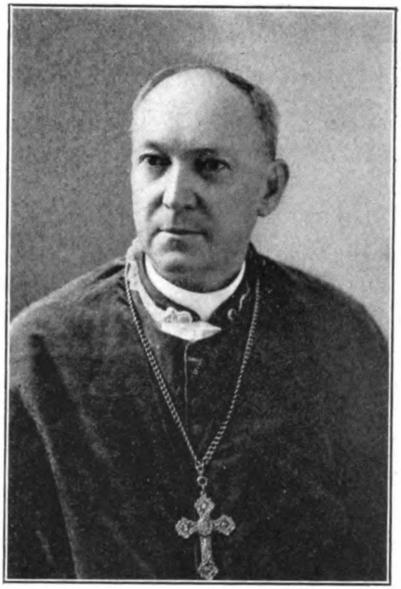
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Edward FitzGerald, D. D.,
Little Rock, Ark.



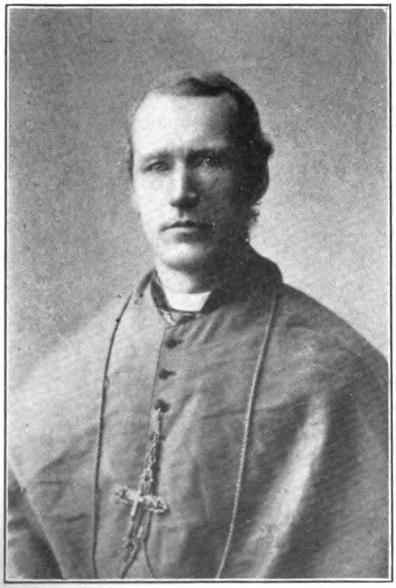
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John Janssen, D. D.,
Belleville, Ill.



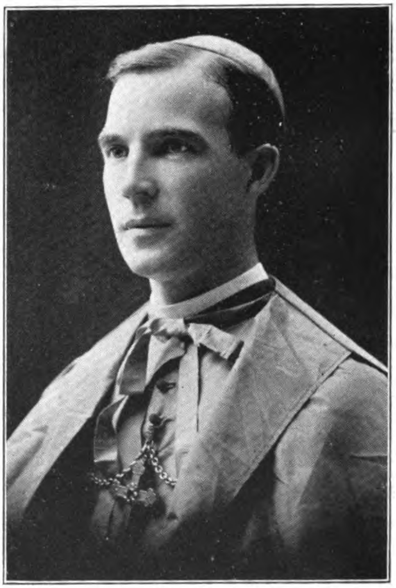
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James Trobec, D D.
St. Cloud, Minn



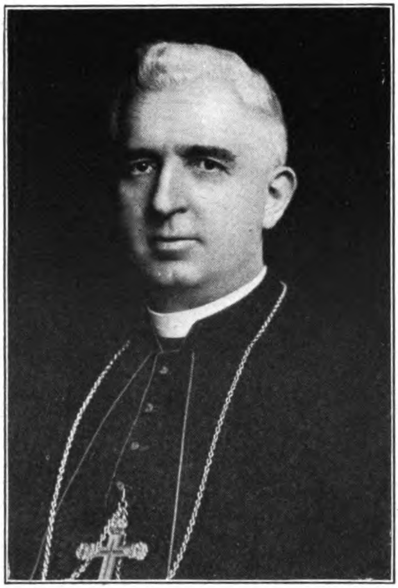
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Nicholas A. Gallagher. D. D.,
Galveston, Tex.



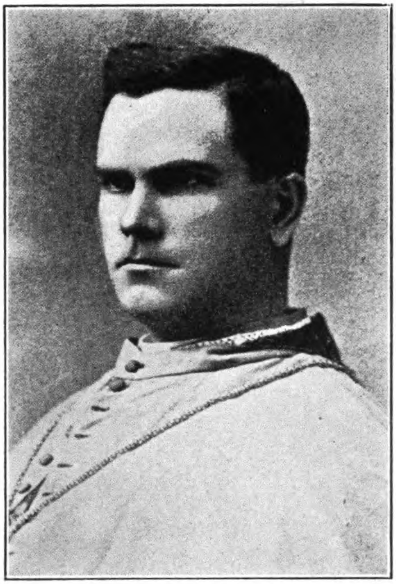
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'ames Ryan, D. D.,
Alton, Ill.



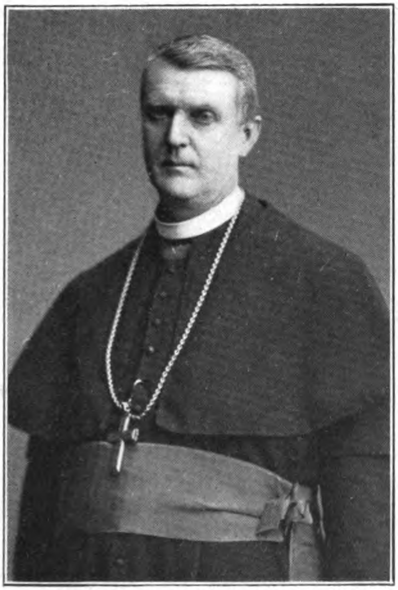
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John J. Glennon, D. D.,
Kansas City, Mo.



Right Reverend
Maurice F. Burke, D. D.,
St. Joseph, Mo.



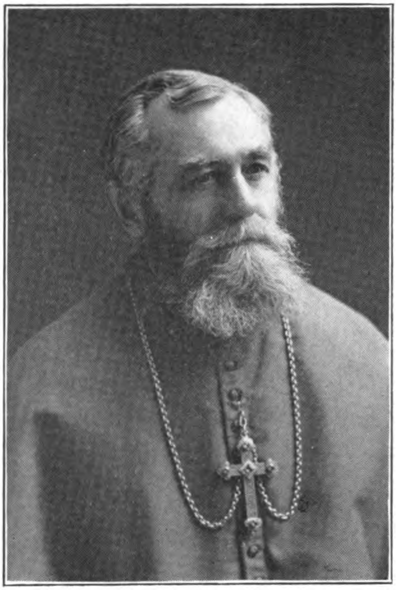
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Lawrence Scanlan, D. D.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.



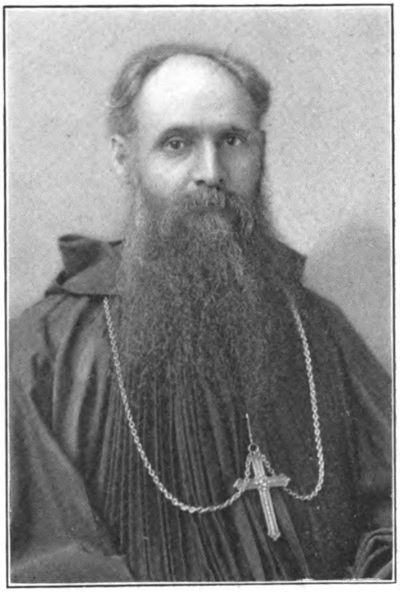
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Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D.,
Cleveland, Ohio.



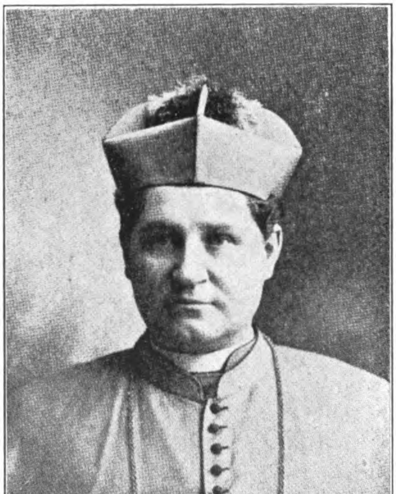
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E. F. Prendergast, D. D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.



Right Reverend
Sebastian G. Messmer, D. D.,
Green Bay, Wis.



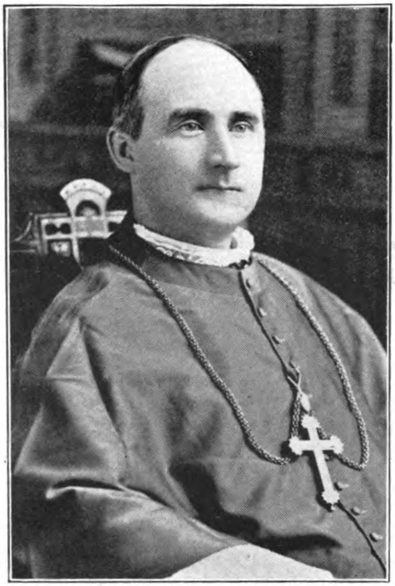
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Leo Haid, O. S. B., D. D.,
Belmont, N. C.



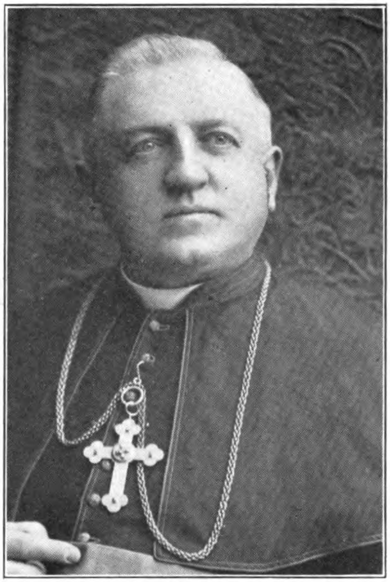
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P. J. O'Reilly, D. D.,
Peoria, Ill.



Right Reverend
James A. McFaul, D. D.,
Trenton, N. J.

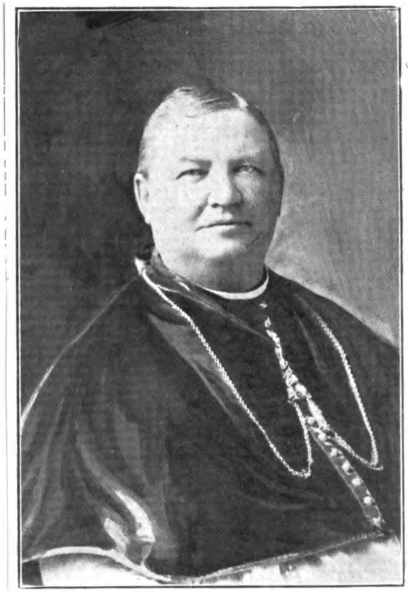


Right Reverend
Matthew Harkins, D. D.,
Providence, R. I.



Right Reverend
A. Van de Vyver, D. D.,
Richmond, Va.

Right Reverend
John Shanley D. D.,
Fargo, N. Dak.



Right Reverend
Theophile Meerschaert, D. D.,
Guthrie, Okla. Ter.

THE

Sacred College of Cardinals

AT THE

TIME OF THE DEATH

OF THE

Holy Father Pope Leo XIII.



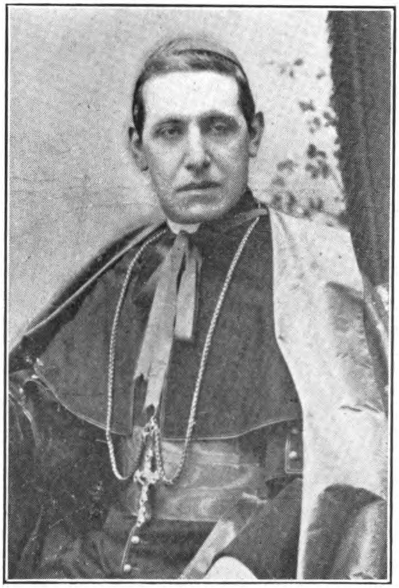
His Eminence
Cardinal Anthony J. Gruscha, D. D.,
Vienna, Austria.



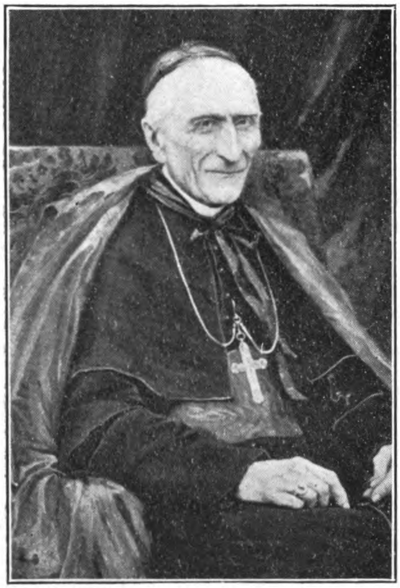
His Eminence
Cardinal Felix Cavagnis, D. D.,
Rome.



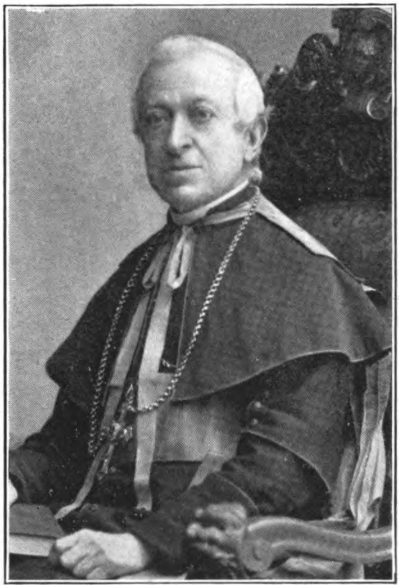
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Cardinal Andreas Ferrari, D. D.,
Milan, Italy.



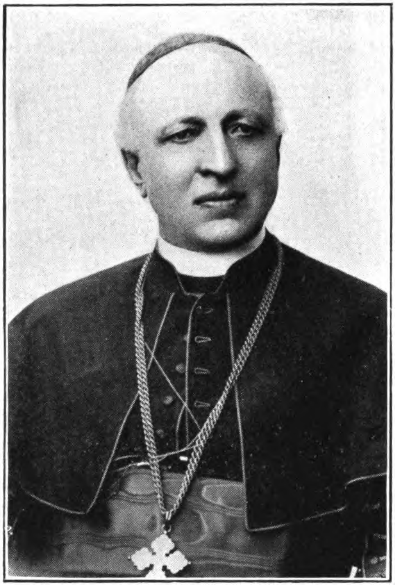
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Cardinal Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro, D.D.
Rome.



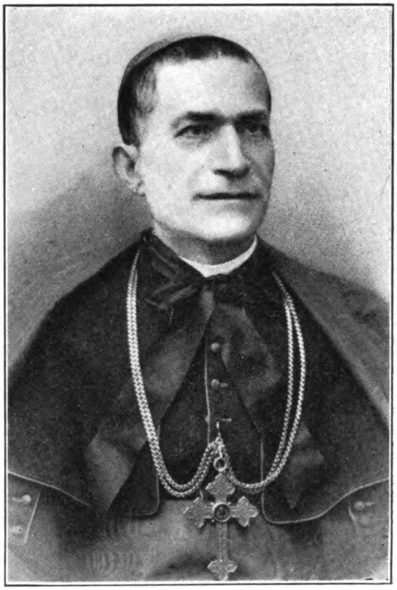
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Cardinal Francis M. B. Richard, D. D.,
Paris, France.



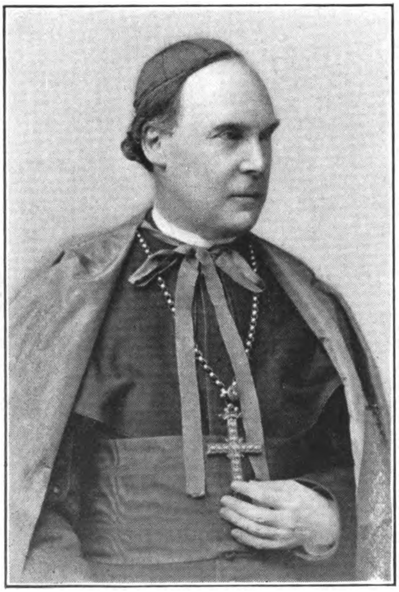
His Eminence
Cardinal Alphonsus Capecelatro, D. D.,
Capua, Italy.



His Eminence
Cardinal Anthony Agliardi, D. D.,
Rome.



His Eminence
Cardinal Francis Satolli, D. D.,
Rome.



His Eminence
Cardinal George Kopp, D. D.,
Breslau, Prussia.



His Eminence
Cardinal Salvator C. y Pages, D. D.,
Urgel, Spain.



His Eminence
Cardinal Sebastian H. y Espinosa, D. D.,
Valenza, Spain.



His Eminence
Cardinal Claudius Vaszary, O. S. B., D.D.,
Gran, Hungary.



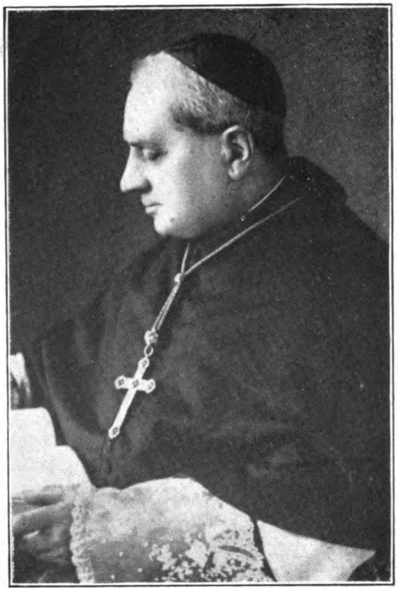
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Santiago di Compostella, Spain.



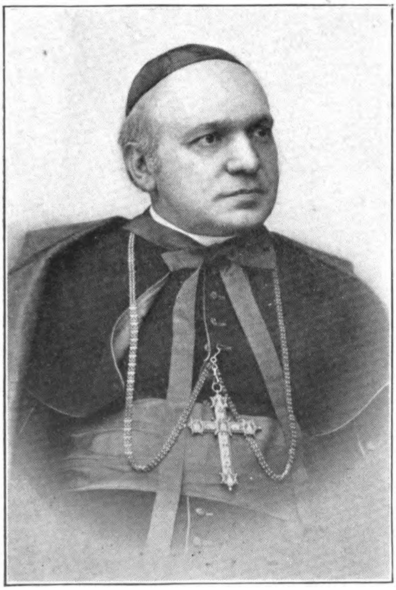
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Rome.



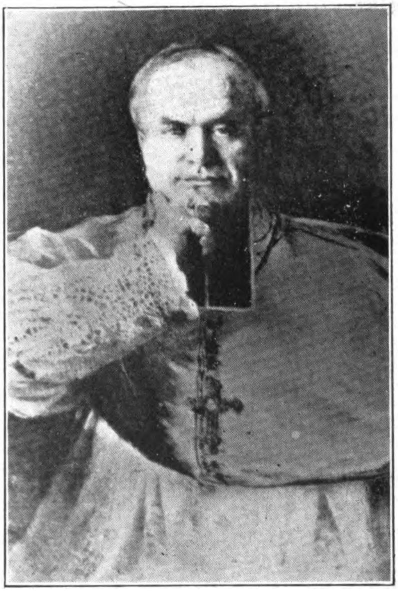
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Cardinal Andrew Aiuti, D. D.,
Rome.



His Eminence
Cardinal Peter Hercules Coullie, D. D.,
Lyons, France.



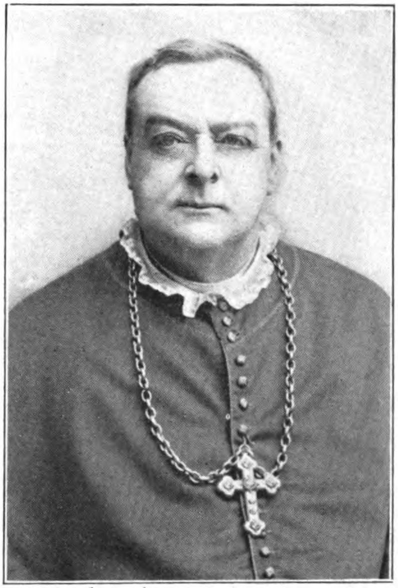
His Eminence
Cardinal Dominic Ferrata, D. D.,
Rome.



His Eminence
Cardinal Francis D. Mathieu, D. D.,
Toulouse. France.



His Eminence
Cardinal Francis Della Volpe, D. D.,
Rome.



His Eminence
Cardinal Peter L. Goossens, D. D.,
Mecheln, Belgium.



His Eminence
Cardinal Sebastian Martinelli, D. D.,
Rome.



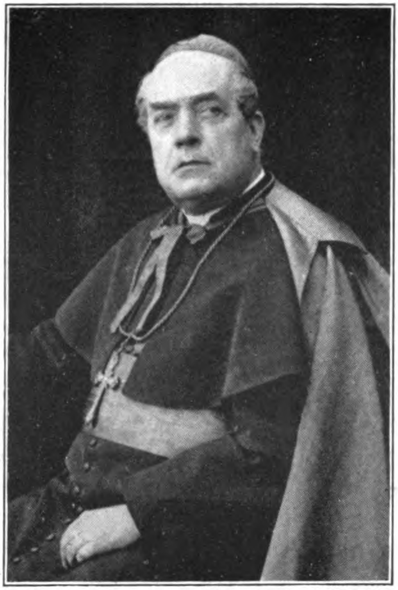
His Eminence
Cardinal John K. de K. Puzyna, D. D.,
Cracovia.



HIS EMINENCE
OUR BELOVED CARDINAL GIBBONS,
BALTIMORE, MD.



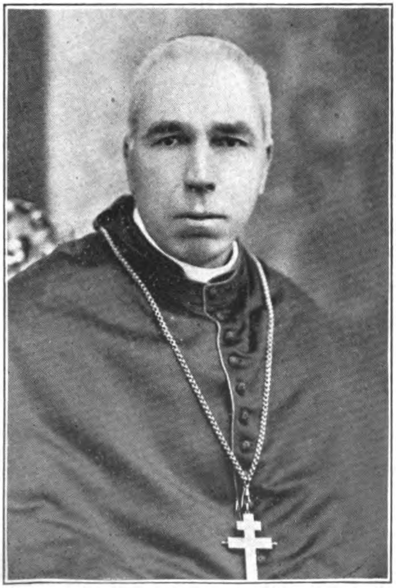
HIS EMINENCE
CARDINAL JOSEPH SARTO, D. D.,
NOW GLORIOUSLY REIGNING POPE PIUS X.



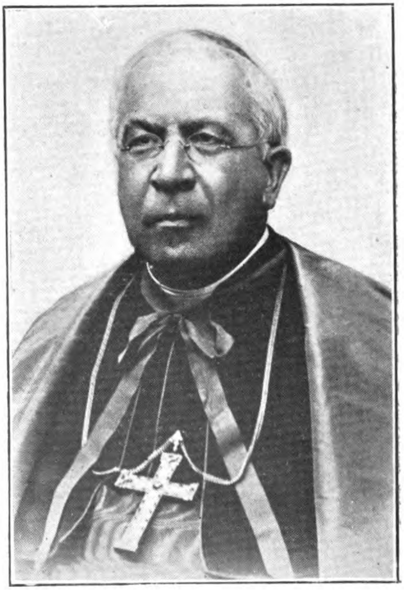
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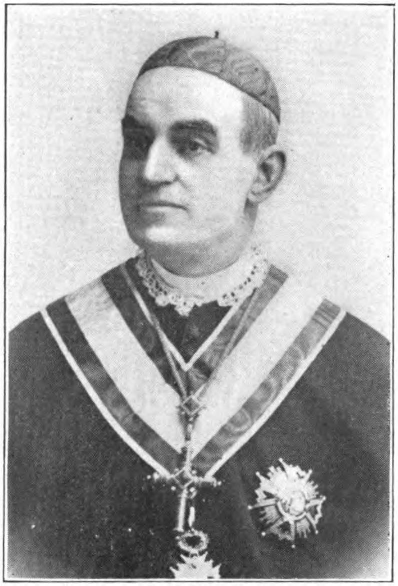
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Rome.



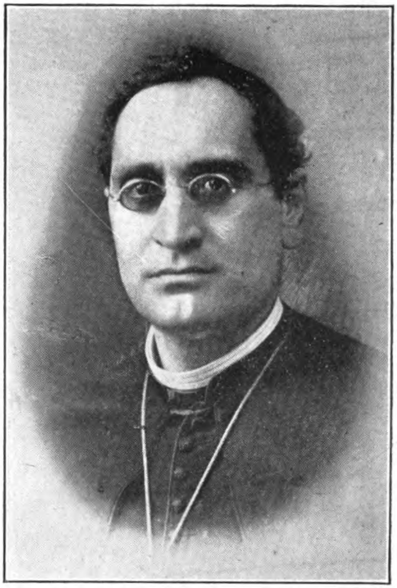
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Armagh, Ireland.



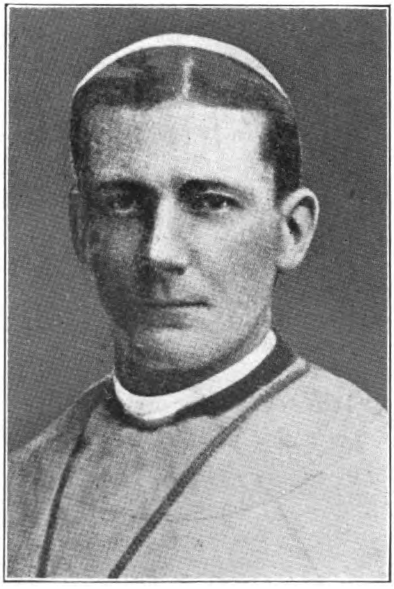
His Eminence
Cardinal Humbert A. Fischer, D. D.,
Cologne, Germany.



His Eminence
Cardinal Cyriacus M. S. y Hervas, D. D.,
Toledo, Spain.



His Eminence
Cardinal Joseph Sebastian Netto, O. F. M., D. D.
Lisbon, Spain.



His Eminence
Cardinal Leo Skrbensky, D. D.,
Prague.



His Eminence
Cardinal Francis Segna, D. D.,
Rome.



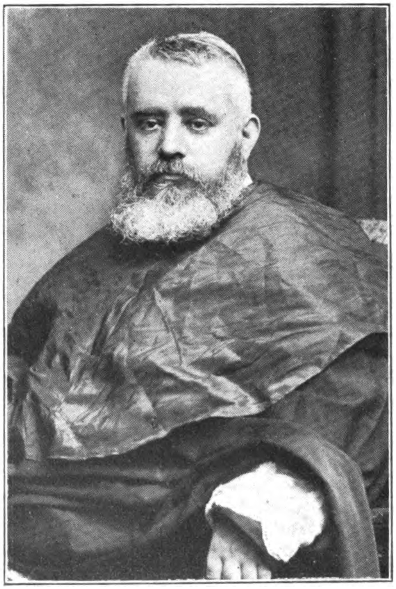
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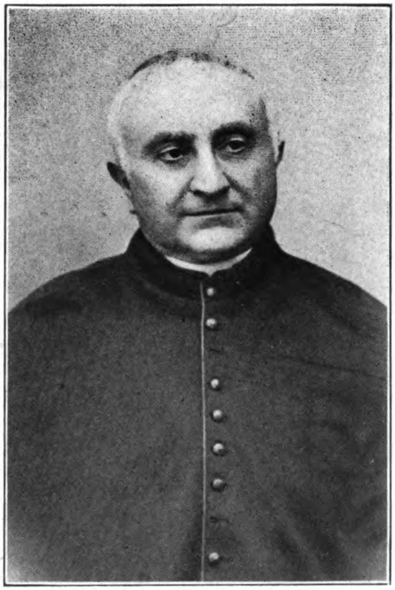
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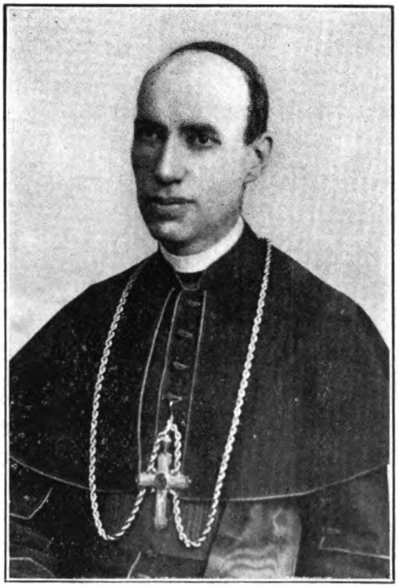
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Ferrara, Italy.



His Eminence
Cardinal Joseph Vives y Tuto, D. D.,
Rome.



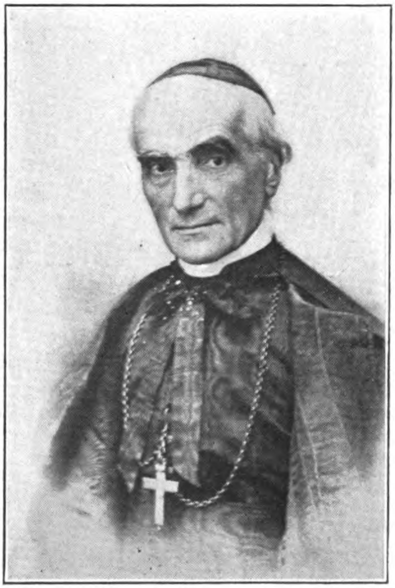
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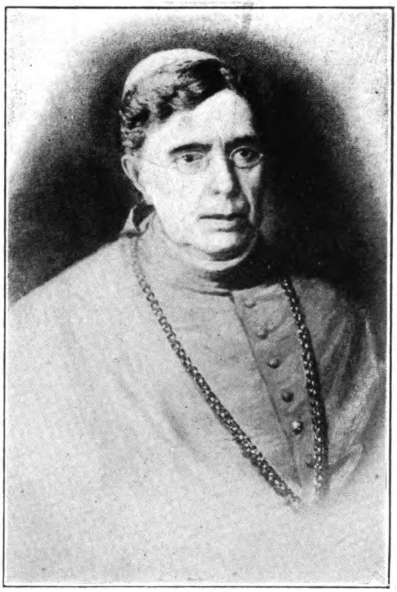
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Reggio–Calabria, Italy.



His Eminence,
Cardinal Benedict M. Langenieux, D. D.,
Rheims, France.



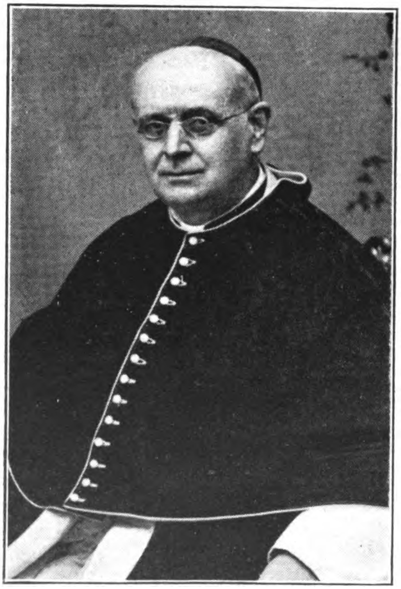
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His Eminence
Cardinal Mario Mocenni, D. D.,
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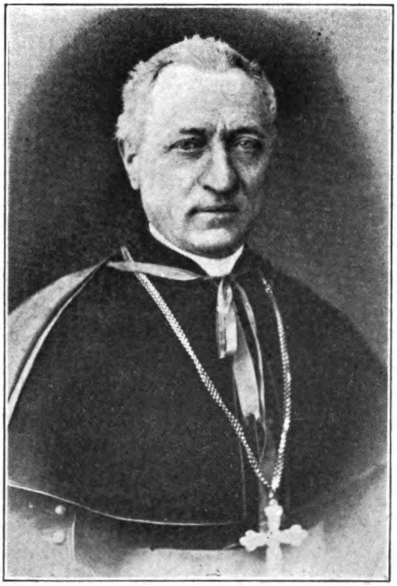
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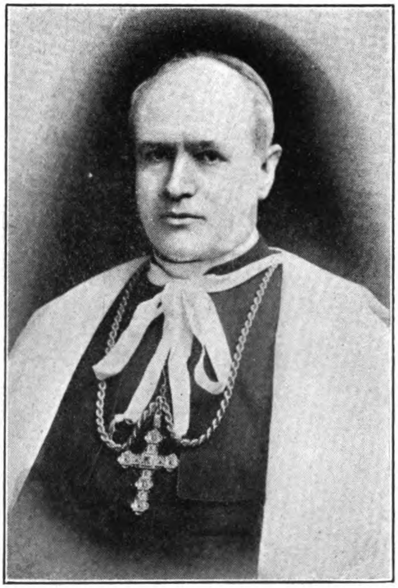
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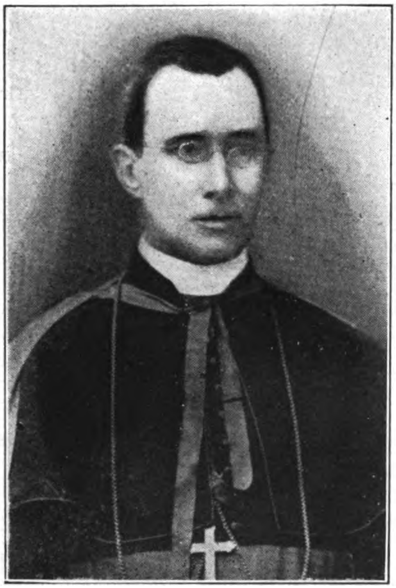
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Cardinal E. Taliani, D. D.,
Rome.



His Eminence
Cardinal Angelo di Pietro, D. D.,
Rome.



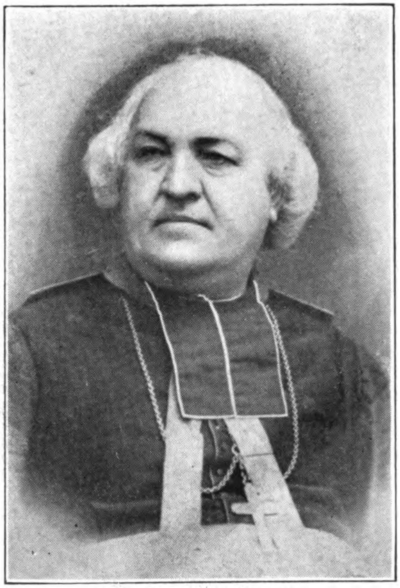
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Cardinal Jerome M. Gotti, D. C., D. D.
Rome.



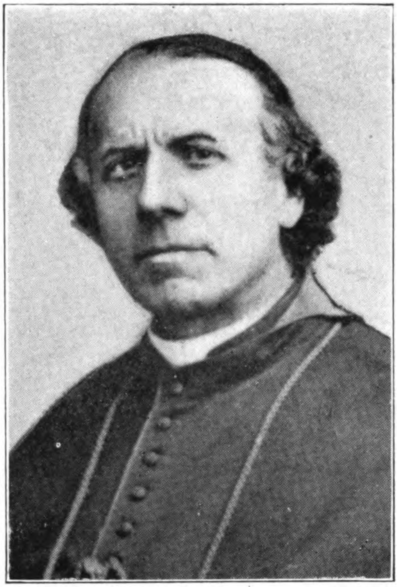
His Eminence
Cardinal Patrick Francis Moran, D. D.,
Sidney, N. S W.



His Eminence
Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, D D.,
Rome.



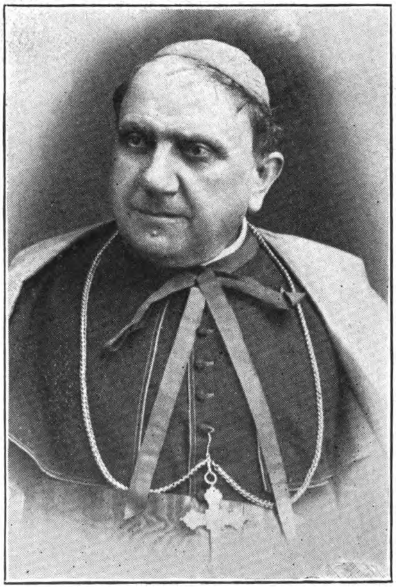
His Eminence
Cardinal L. S. Lecot, D. D.,
Bordeaux, France.



His Eminence
Cardinal Louis Oreglia di Santo Stefano, D.D.,
Rome.



His Eminence
Cardinal Augustinus Richelmy, D. D.,
Turin, Italy.



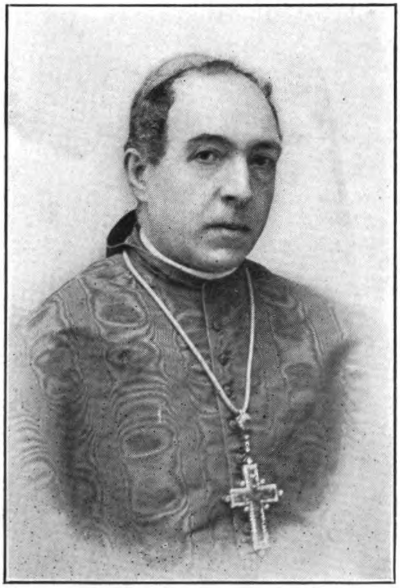
His Eminence
Cardinal Peter J. M. A. Celesia, O. S. B., D.D.,
Palermo, Italy.



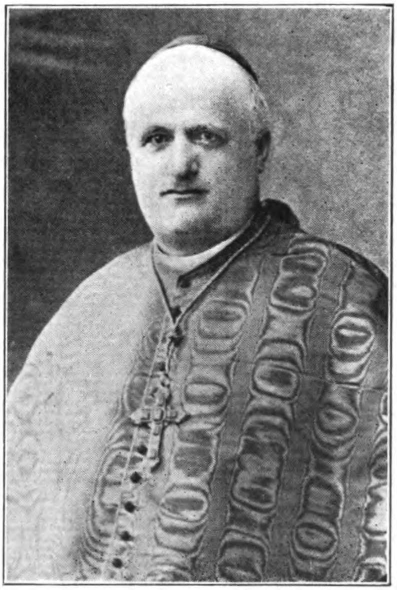
His Eminence
Cardinal Benjamin Cavicchioni, D. D.,
Rome.



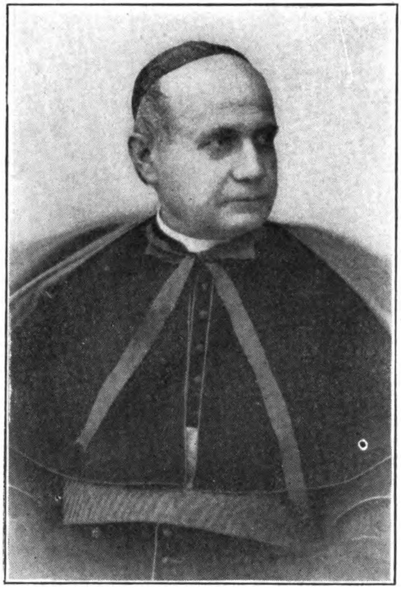
His Eminence
Cardinal Francis de Paula Cassetta, D. D.,
Rome.



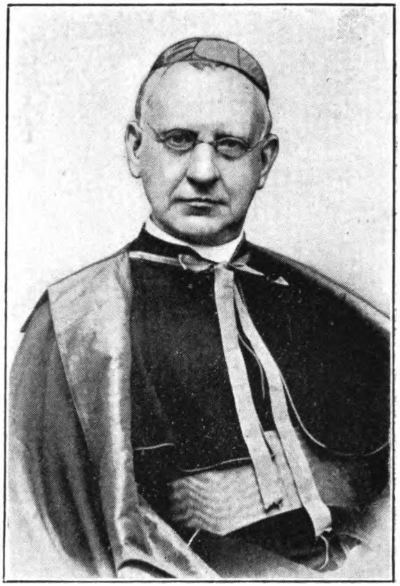
His Eminence
Cardinal Joseph F-N. di Bontife, D. D.,
Catania, Italy.



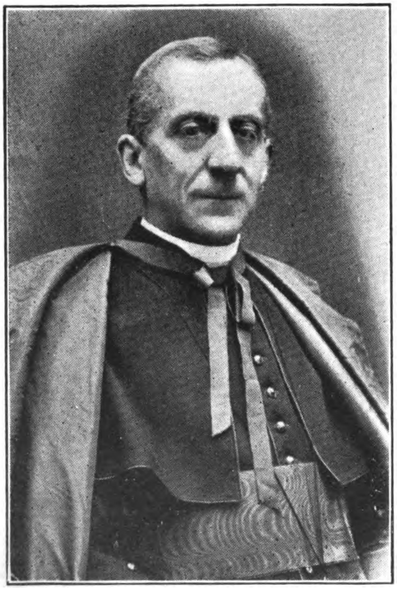
His Eminence
Cardinal Peter Respighi, D. D.,
Rome.



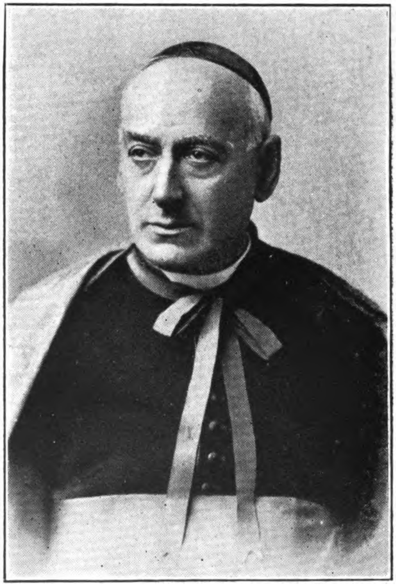
His Eminence
Cardinal Joseph Prisco, D. D.,
Naples, Italy.



His Eminence
Cardinal Andreas Steinhuber, S. J., D. D.,
Rome.



His Eminence
Cardinal Louis Macchi, D. D.,
Rome.



His Eminence
Cardinal Charles Mocella, D. D.,
Rome.



His Eminence
Cardinal Bartholomew Bacilieri, D. D.,
Verona, Italy.



His Eminence
Cardinal Aloysius Tripepi, D. D.,
Rome.



His Eminence
Cardinal Dominic Svampa, D. D.,
Bologna, Italy.

His Eminence
Cardinal John Katschthaler, D. D.,
Salisburg, Germany.